

12653 a. 5.



# GENUINE LETTERS

BETWEEN.

HENRY and FRANCES.







A  
S E R I E S  
O F  
Genuine Letters,

BETWEEN  
H E N R Y  
A N D  
F R A N C E S.

---

*Accepit famam, nec minus illa dedit.*

---

V O L. V.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. RICHARDSON and L. URQUHART,  
under the Royal Exchange.

M D C C L X X.

A

S. H. A. E. S.

O. V.

Genuine Letters



H. B. R. Y.

F. R. A. N. C. E. S.

Printed by W. J. Johnson, New York.

V. O. E. Y.

L. B. O. N.

Printed by W. J. Johnson, New York.

Printed by W. J. Johnson, New York.

H. B. O. N.

TO THE  
FRIENDS of the AUTHORS,  
THESE VOLUMES

Are most Gratefully INSCRIBED,

By their much Obligated,

and most Obedient

humble Servants,

*Henry and Frances.*



THE  
EDITORS  
TO THE  
PUBLICK.

THE present Collection of Letters is *en Suite* of the former Publications under this Title; they carry the same Token with them too, of a broken Correspondence—owing to the Authors of it not having had the least Design, or Purpose, from first to last, of publishing their Letters while they were writing them, so as to have preserved the Series intire; which, though it renders it less perfect, leaves it, however, in possession of what is certainly of much higher Value; namely, the true genuine Spirit of it, which would have flattened upon such an Idea, like Wine suffered *to take Air*.

The Approbation and Success which the former Volumes of this Work have received from the World, have induced us to make Application for any Manuscripts

scripts that might have been preserved on either Part since those Editions; and the Friends who have been so kind to revise these Papers for us, have assured us that they bear not only the *Stamp*, but the *sterling Touch* of the former Writings.

Nor are the *literary* Merits of the following Sheets their only, or their greatest Ones. These are, in our Opinion, but of a very subordinate Nature to what forms the distinguishing Characteristic of the intire Series; which is, that remarkable Love, Politeness, and fond Attention which run through the Whole of this Correspondence; and have, and do, during almost an Age of Life, subsist still with unabated Spirit and Constancy.

Such a moral Instance *in the present Times*, is worthy both of Notice and of Imitation—in those superior Classes of Life, more especially, whose Example is apt to become an influencing Precept to those below them, either to Good or Ill.







A S E R I E S  
O F  
G E N U I N E L E T T E R S  
B E T W E E N  
H E N R Y A N D F R A N C E S.

---

L E T T E R D L X I I I .

F R A N C E S t o H E N R Y .

**I** H A V E received your *Billet-doux*. The Politeness of your Expressions gives me a certain Satisfaction in the Warmth of them. Were you but the Courtier, you would be merely gallant. Were you but the Husband, you might think it enough barely to *yawn out* your Regards toward me. But yours is the true Lover's Stile,

VOL. V.

A

where

where Affection and Politeness mutually inspirit each other.

I really think that your Letters and Manners continue to improve, in both these Qualities, every Day. It mortifies me, sometimes, to account for this. Is it that to be fond of so little Merit, is a Weakness in you, and that Foibles naturally increase with Years? I endeavour to humble myself often with such Reflections as these, to prevent my growing giddy with that Elevation to which your too partial Applause has raised me.

After so many Years of intimate Connection, to have our Lamp, like that of Rosicrucius\*, preserve still its Flame undiminished, is an Honour to ourselves, and to human Nature also. This last Expression looks as if I had said the same Thing before. But no matter; repeated Obligations call for *repeated* Acknowledgments.

I shall punctually execute your Commission, though the Object of it is so very unworthy your Kindness. But you have a Moral that rises above the Merit of others, and loves to exercise itself in its own.

Your *own* Son sends his Duty to you; and Adieu to his *own* Father, says his fond Mother, and

*Your ever affectionate Wife,*

FRANCES.

\* See the Spectator, No. 379, last Paragraphs.



## LETTER DLXIV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

YOU are, indeed, my Love, the very best of all possible good Creatures, for you know your Power, and use it as Providence does, to confer Happiness. I really feel myself too much obliged to you. Your kind Letter from Farmley gave me infinite Pride and Pleasure. But which of yours does not?

I wish you Joy of your Success, and congratulate myself that the Election is over. Would it were so for Life, or that I was *over* with you, at least.

How does this Weather agree with you? The Heat and Dampness of it have quite relaxed my miserable Nerves. I did not sleep an Hour last Night, though, I thank God, I had neither Pain of Body or Mind to keep me waking. Yet I started often, and was, perhaps, more wretched than if I had felt actual Pain. In all Ills, both of Health and Fortune, one is glad to have any Thing to lay the blame on, rather than themselves.

Your hinting at coming over with Mr. Rochfort, flatters me with the Hopes of seeing you

fooner than I expected. Yet earnestly as I desire that Happiness, I think you should not leave Ireland, till you have put your Law-suit into a regular Course of Proceeding; and obtained also a definitive Answer, in another Matter, which is of more immediate Consequence.

—This may save you the Trouble of another Journey, and me the Irksomeness of another Separation. For even a Delay is not so bad, as a second Absence.

This whole Nation is, at present, in a Fit of Lunacy. Not only Earls and Dukes, but Countesses and Duchesses, canvassing for Elections. It is said here, that your *Septennial* Vote will be soon *flung at your Heads*, and then we shall have you all as mad as we are.

By your Complaint of the Pacquets, I suppose you will get a little Hundred of my Letters, in a Heap together. Some of them will tell you that I am ill, and others that I am well; which, as I generally write without Dates, may make me appear contradictory to myself, as you have sometimes charged me with being, when you have received an Handful of them by the same Post.

I should be glad you would tell me what the Passage you quote from one of my Letters alludes to. I have puzzled my Brain about it ever since, and cannot recollect it.

Henry and Frances.

5

It blows a violent Storm at this Instant. Thank God you are not at Sea; and I hope this Hurricane will purge the Air. For there is an epidemical Disorder here among the Horses; and the Faculty say, that the human Species will probably partake of it: If so, I should wish to be Mrs. —, till that is over.

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

P. S. I received the Lottery Tickets, and thank you for them; but I have not yet looked at the Numbers, nor shall I, till the Whole is drawn; because I would do something, once in my Life, like you.

---

## LETTER DLXV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Chester, March 3.*

**W**E are just arrived here, and tired to the last Degree. Such Roads I never saw; and what rendered them still more offensive to me, was, that there were *Irish Monuments* stuck up at every tenth or twelfth Mile Stone, which shewed that the Ways had been much infested lately with

A 3

Robbers.



Robbers. However, we escaped hither *unlabeled*, at last.

There is no Machine runs, now, to the Head; and we are to pay ten Guineas for a Chaise and Four, to carry us there in three Days; for the Highway thither is worse than from London. Every thing has been extravagant on our Journey, and nothing fit to eat or drink.

My Fellow Traveller and I agreed perfectly well all the Way, only that he used to keep up the Glass, on his Side of the Chaise, too much. But when I was perished, on my Side, I used to shut my Window, and make him open his, by assuring him, gravely, that *Change of Air* was good, both for Health and Complexion, in each of which he most charmingly abounds.

I declare that he looks often so extremely handsome, that I find myself inclined to pay him that Deference that I am not apt to shew to Men, in other Things, on a Level with myself. Beauty presents the Idea of a Woman to me, and my natural Chivalry is prompt to exert itself, before I have Time for Recollection.

Our Friends, in this Town, are all well, and send their Compliments to you. I am, thank God, at perfect Ease from my Cholic, though tired of my Journey already.

We



Henry and Frances.

7

We set out To-morrow. My Blessing to Harry,  
and Love to the Coterie.

*Adieu, my Life, &c.*

HENRY.

---

L E T T E R DLXVI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I RECEIVED yours from Chester, and am sorry that you did not like your Journey, and that you liked your Companion. I would not have you still preserve a Taste for Bloom and Complexion, in any Object, since my own are gone.

I have been so ill these three Days, with a nervous Head-ach, that I can scarcely see. This would be a very sufficient Excuse for not writing, even to you, if my poor foolish Heart did not set my Head at nought, wherever its Affections are concerned; and indeed, my Harry, that alone has dictated every Line I ever wrote to you. I hope this may be kindly accepted of, in the Lieu of irretrievable *Bloom and Complexion*.

G. B. is returned from Paris. He was to see me this Morning, and has brought me a present of an elegant Snuff-box, de quatre Couleurs. He

is just the same lively, sensible, unaffected Creature he was before he went abroad. Even Paris cannot spoil a good Understanding; and we may say of our travelled Coxcombs, that the Figures they make were originally in the Block; as Sculptors say the Statue is in the Stone, before it is taken out of the Quarry.

I don't think I have expressed myself clearly; and it is impossible I should, at present, for my poor Head is sadly confused. But no matter. This is one Advantage in writing to you.

I have not heard yet from Mr. J——. Shall I send to him again, or acquiesce in his Want of Politeness? But perhaps I am too nice. My Harry has spoiled me for the general Commerce of Men.

*Yours, truly, ever.*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DLXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Holyhead, Saturday Morning, Four o'Clock.*

*My dear FRANCES,*

**J**UST got in, and just getting into Bed. Such a Journey! We set out from Chester, on Thursday Morning, with four Horses, which  
tired

tired ten Miles short of our first Day's Stage. Yesterday Morning they renegued again, at the Foot of the first Hill they met with ; and I walked on, as usual, in my Boots, Surtout, and my Pockets filled with Books, till the Carriage overtook me, after full eight Miles Fatigue. They had been obliged to hire half a Dozen Men, and two additional Horses, to help it *over the Hills and far away.*

We got to Conway to Breakfast. There we added two more fresh Horses, to convey us past Penmanmawr. The three Post Boys, with one Consent, made a Push for the Sands, though the Tide was pressing fast upon them.

When they had waded above a Mile through it, crying out, never fear, every Wave, the six Horses suddenly disappeared, and the Chaise began to float. I immediately opened both Doors, to prevent its being overset, and began to strip for my Life, when the Horses emerged, swimming, and being seized suddenly with an *Hydrophobia*, turned quick about, and waded back to Land again, without any further Damage, than having all our Baggage, Cloaths, Books, &c. well *pickled*, but not *preserved*.

The Apology the Guides made for themselves, was, that they had frequently made good the Pass, at such an Heighth of Water, without any other

Consequences, than a little Matter of wetting; but had not properly attended to two very material Circumstances, which had concurred in the present Case, namely, a *Spring Tide*, and a *Southerly Wind*, setting in strongly on a *Lee Shore*.

We then got in to *Bangor*, where an Express Mail passing by, to hasten a Pacquet out by the first Tide, the Weather fair, and tolerably mild, tempted us to push for the Head last Night, without Regard to the three Alliterations, of Darkness, Difficulty, or Danger.

We arrived within ten Miles of it about ten at Night, when one of our Springs snapped, and we were overfet in a Slough. We then mounted the tired Postilion Horses, and rode, Step by Step, as we knew nothing of the Road, through a dark and rainy Night, and have but just arrived; having the Mortification to find, after all our *tedious Expedition*, and *Pilgrims Progress*, that the Pacquet had failed about an Hour ago.

I never saw Danger so barefaced, nor felt Fatigue so emphatically, before. I will, however, *sup my Breakfast* first, and then take leave of my Senses, till the next Boatswain's Whistle summons me awake.

*Adieu ! Adieu !*

HENRY.

LETTER

## L E T T E R DLXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dear FRANCES,

Holyhead.

**F**INE Weather here, but no Wind, either good or bad. I wish there were some Spirit in it, though 'twere even against me. It might serve me better, when it became my Friend.

However, the Pacquet Boat means to fail, or rather tide it over, as soon as the Mail arrives. I detest this Method of voyaging. I shall be qualm, or *calm* sick, all the Way; and I am so fond of Spirit, that I would chose it even in Sickness.

I like my Companion better every Day. He is a very pretty Kind of young Man. The Difference between English and Irish Breeding! with the same Degree of Understanding, one is boisterous and forward; the other gentle and diffident.

However, the laudable Partiality that one is apt to have for their Countrymen, prevents me from hurting any of their Preferments, by hinting to my Friend, that he may make his Fortune, among the English Dowagers, at his Return.

What are you doing with your Novel \*? I long much to hear how you advance in it. I am

\* The Delicate Distress.



in no Manner of Pain about either the Matter, or the Manner of it. All I inquire about, is the Number of the Pages only. I don't mean, by this, to hurry, or set you Tasks—for as you say, in one of your late printed Letters, “Wit, like a Woman, has its *critical Minutes*.”

Adieu, till the Post comes in, when I expect a Letter from you, with the most fond Impatience. I will go muse on the Rocks, till I hear the Courier's Horn.

The Post has arrived — but brought no Letter. *I should have been glad of one.* — We shall not fail To-day; for a Gale has arisen, but it is Point Blank against us. It is provoking; — for such funny Days and moony Nights, 'twould be both pleasant and safe to be at Sea.

I had something more to say, when I sat down — but I find myself out of Humour, and Spirits too.—So, once more,

*Adieu !*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DLXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dear FANNY,**Dublin.*

THE Winds fell asleep, and we stole a March before they awakened; and I arrived here — or rather at Dunlary, where the Pacquet was forced to put in, this Morning, after a tedious and sickly becalmed Voyage of two Days and Nights. I think I am a complete *Traveller* now — but would not undergo such another Peregrination, to be the Author of as good a Poem as the one that bears that Title \*. Horace says, he must have a stout Heart who first ventured to Sea; and I say, that he must have had a strong Stomach who went out a second Time.

I have found all our Friends well here; — but poor Mrs. L—— has been *legally* robbed of three hundred Pounds, lately, by Mr. M——, who borrowed it from her just before his Bankruptcy was declared. This has obliged her to let her House, and retire to Lodgings.

I shall set out, To-morrow, for Clonmel, to attend Mr. R——'s Suit, at the Assizes, and will thence proceed to Partarlington, to see my

\* Wrote by Dr. Goldsmith.

Child, and your Mother. If Fançon be far enough advanced in her French, I shall certainly carry her up to Dublin, and transport her over to you, by the first Matron I can prevail upon to take the Charge of her.

You'll think this an extraordinary Manœuvre—but I shall return by the Head, and *Hobby-horse* it through Wales, as no Stage, or other Machine, ply that way now: And the Child is too little to ride, and too big for a Cloakbag.

I have delivered your Commissions to Mrs. D——, who will have the Gloves and Handkerchiefs ready for you on my Return. — She wants me to carry over some of the same Manufacture for Miss G——, but I declined it. If I am to be taken up for a *Smuggler*, it shall be only on your Account. I will be *Hand and Glove* with none but you, nor drop *the Handkerchief* at any Feet but yours — *Though you did not write to me at Holyhead.*

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DLXX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*Dear HARRY,*

**I** HAVE gone on with my Novel briskly since we parted. The Encomiums of my Friends spirited me up, and I have finished the First Volume — At least all that I shall ever write more of it.

For, after all, I find it is good for nothing. — I am of the Opinion of Hudibras.

Pray, what is Worth, in any Thing,  
But so much Money as 'twill bring?

And I find the Booksellers will give nothing worth taking for it. — Mr. J—— has tried them. They say that they do not dispute the Merit of it, but that while the Public continue equally to buy a bad Thing as a good one, they do not think an Author can reasonably expect that they will make a Difference in the Price.

They print a Thousand of either Kind — The Circulating Libraries, they say, take off Four Hundred, and the Remainder seldom lies on Hand. The only Difference is, that the Sale of the good one is somewhat brisker than the other — So that it may be compared to W——'s Idea of Galantry, who had the Impudence to say, that  
there

there was not above a Fortnight's Difference between him and S——.

Mrs. W—— is in London, and has called to see me.—She came from Bath, and returns soon to Ireland. She remains very pretty still.—She is one of those that might *prompt your Chivalry*. Miss R—— came with her.

Hal sends his Duty to you.

*Adieu, my dear Hal, Adieu!*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DLXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dear FANNY,*

*Dublin.*

I HAD the Pleasure of two Letters from you, this Morning, by the same Pacquet, though of different Dates—one of them was that I expected at Holyhead.

Your Booksellers are but Pedlars.—Though really there is a good deal of melancholy Truth in what they say, after all.—A two Guinea, and a two hundred Guinea Novel, must be pretty much the same to them. A new Thing is a new Thing; and though the Reader may send one down Stairs

to



to the Scullion, to finge his Fowl, and send the other to be bound, for his Library, yet the Books must be first bought.—And then what avails the Preference to the Bookseller?

One, perhaps, may run through a second, or third Edition, while the other dies, and is forgot—but they have neither Sense or Taste, to judge of that Difference themselves, nor Spirit to advance five Pounds on the Adventure.

But lose no Time with the Second Volume, and never fear Success—I will, myself, be your Bookseller.—I have printed Subscription Proposals already. Indeed this is the only Way of publishing in the present Times. The Family of the Mæcenas's is extinct, and we can't expect to live till Plato's *great Year* returns again.

I am much pleased to hear that our Favourite J. W. is in London. I envy ye both the vast Pleasure you must mutually have received from each other, on an Interview in a new World, as it were, after so long a Separation. Don't let her stir from London till my return.—Yes—she is, I confess, as you observe, one of those I have ever had a *Deference* for.

I am writing now from the India Warehouse, where I lodge at present; and N. D. is just the same as ever—good-natured, sensible, and affectionate.

tionate.—I think she loves you, now, best of all the World, since poor Poll is dead.

I am just setting forward to Clonmel.

Blessing, and Loves.—Adieu, my dearest Fanny, and believe me to be

*Your truly affectionate Husband,*

HENRY.

## LETTER DLXXII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*Dear HARRY,*

**I** RECEIVED your Letter on the Subject of the Novel.—You have an encouraging Way of speaking upon all Occasions; and were one to listen to you, they might soon be brought to imagine, that there was not any such Thing as a Difficulty in Nature.

Happy Philosopher!—Thou art a true Disciple of your great Cousin Berkley.—He annihilated *Matter* out of the World—but you seem to carry it farther—by thinking even the Ills of Life to be *not material*.

I am not quite so speculative—though, perhaps, more refined. I dislike the Idea of *Subscriptions*. I spurn at Contributions, though even voluntary.

This

This but adds to *the Title of* my Novel, by encreasing *The Delicate Distress*.

No—I have a Scheme of my own, that I like infinitely better.—When you bring over *Ma petite Fançon* to me, or *sling her* across the Water before you, as you have threatened, I will portion out this Work to her, in Tasks, to translate into French, for her Exercises; and then send it to be printed at Geneva, or the Hague, with an Advertisement, setting forth, that it was *forbid to be published in France, on Pain of the Bastile*.

This Finesse, or *ruse d'Auteur*, may answer admirably for my Purpose.—A Dozen Impressions will be bought up greedily on the Continent, upon a Supposition that it contains nothing but Blasphemy or Treason; which may make a comfortable Portion for our little *Mademoiselle*.—And when they resent the Imposition, it is but telling the good Catholics, that it was only a *pious Fraud*, and we are all Friends again.

You may see by this Sketch, that your Example has not been wholly thrown away on me, and that you have inspired your Pupil with the Spirit of a *Projector*, at least.—But you may perceive better, I hope, that I have benefited of your Documents, in an higher Instance than this, by endeavouring to treat every Thing, *en badinant*,  
when

when once it becomes *too serious* a Subject for Argument.

But pray, *Mr. Task-Master*, what are you doing with your own Work all this while? Have you, like that Sophister Alexander, cleft the *Gordian Knot* in twain; or left it, like the *true Lover's Knot*, for Death alone to loosen? I fancy, from your Silence on this Head, that the latter is the Case.

Our Coterie is dispersed.—Mrs. B—— at Ham Common—Mrs. P—— at Fulham—our Chaplain in Hampshire—and the Rest scattered in sundry Places. I am forced to form a little *Tête à Tête* Coterie between my Son and me. But, alas! he begins to be sleepy by the Time I get into Spirits.

Good Night, Child, and reach me that Book there; for I would much rather commune with *the Dead*, than *the Drowsy*.

*My dearest Harry, Adieu!*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DLXXIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dear FANNY,

B—, March 17.

I DRANK your Health here, To-day, with our Friends of K——, who are come on a Visit, and I am their *Umbra*. Such Joy as they both expressed at seeing me, and such a Number of Questions as they asked about you, are not to be expressed—at least on a Saint Paddy's Night. It is hard to say whether they love or admire you most.

Tigry is really a fine Creature—vastly improved every Manner of Way. She did not recollect me, at first, but afterwards grew fond of me, and made several kind Inquiries about you.

Their Son is a Year old *Patagonian*: His Mother said she longs to see him sitting in your Lap: I told her this would be the Story of *Grildrig* and *Glumdalclitch* reversed.

Our old *no* Friend, P. C. has made his *Exit*, at last.—This Expression is peculiarly proper here, as you know that he was a *Dramatis Persona* for some Years past, which hastened his Death. He is said to have died mad, and intestate.—The latter I always knew he would do. For though he had every Kind of Obligation to others,



others, and had received all Manner of Provocation from his Children, yet his Ingratitude being stronger than his Resentment, he suffered every Thing to devolve to them, *as of Course*;—for he made no Will in their Favour—it not being in his Nature, either to *give* or *forgive*.

His not disinheriting his Children, as far as was in his Power, is, however, some Justification of the apparent Undutifulness of their Behaviour for many Years past. For does it not look as if he thought that he could not reproach them, *in his Conscience*, for their Conduct towards him?

The Business that brought me over is to come on, at Clonmel, next Monday. If we were to have gone to Trial in Dublin, just after I landed, I could have done my Friend more signal Service, at that Crisis; for I think that I was never, in my Life, in a fitter Temper for *Swearing*. My Testimony would have hanged Cormock then.—I shall only be able to transport him now—for having *transported*, or *not transported* me.

This is my Birth Day, or rather *Night*; and and it is now exactly within a Minute of that Moment in which I was born.

Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas  
Claudere lustrum.

I shall

I shall say no more upon this Subject at present, as I purpose to expatiate farther on this Article in *The Gordian Knot*, which I am going on with, as fast as the Delays of Business, and Travelling, will suffer me.

*Farewel!*

HENRY.

## LETTER DLXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Clonmel.*

**T**HERE is a certain *crim con* Trial going on here, at the Assizes, which postpones our simple *Nisi*. In the mean Time, I shall endeavour to amuse you with two Papers that are most extraordinary in their Kind.

The Manuscript was written by Mr. P——, Curate to T. B. at G——, and is a literal Narrative of a Business he was engaged in, against his Will, by dint of Threats, which he calls *Force of Arms*.

I am

I am afraid you will not relish it as much as I did, because you do not know the Man. I have seen and conversed with him. He is really a Character. A perfect Parson Adams, with regard to Ignorance of the World, with the Honesty and Uprightness of his Intentions; but wants, as you may see, the Spirit and Sturdiness of Joseph Andrews's Friend. I wish you could have but seen his Face, his Gesture, his *tout Ensemble*, while he was telling me the Story.

The other Paper is an Advertisement that I picked up, at Chester, t'other Day. Do but think of your Countryman, a Welsh Shentleman of five hundred a Year, taking from the second of July last, to the twenty-seventh Day of January following, almost seven Months, to express and declare his Resentment against *Nobody*, for *Nothing*—for neither the Person, nor the Offence, are herein specified. This Advertisement has continued in the Chester Paper, from the Date of it, till the Day I cut it out, and probably is continued still—for *Leeks* are of an hot Nature.

This would be an entertaining World enough, if one could contrive to stand a little out of the Way, as a mere Spectator of the Farce, without making any Part of the *Drama* themselves.

How shall I be able to acquit myself of the Posts, during my present *Siberian* Circuit? You must

must forgive me a little Stupidity for this Fort-night to come, as I cannot receive one Line from you, till my Return to Dublin.

*Adieu, Adieu!*

HENRY.

## LETTER DLXXV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Clonmel.*

I HAVE passed a very disagreeable Week of it here—though three Things have happened to make me more than amends.

In the first Place, all the *White Boys* were acquitted, by a fair Court, and fair Jury—*Prosecutions* sometimes extend to *Persecutions*. I may make a *general Reflection*, I hope, without giving *particular Offence*.

Secondly, Mr. R—— has obtained a Verdict against F—— for five thousand Pounds Damages, with full Costs. Intriguing is a very expensive Thing in Ireland;—for here, they give as much Award against a Cornet, as they do in England against a Lord.—You remember the late Case.

Thirdly, and lastly, we have gained a full Verdict, with Costs, for our Friend R——, against Cormock. The Trial did not hold a Quarter of an Hour—but alas! it was delayed for six Days.—I wish you Joy, as you love your Friends.

You'll excuse me—for my Horses are at the Door; and I would not abide another Minute in this Town, even to write to you.

*Adieu, my Frances!*

*Yours,*

HENRY.

## LETTER DLXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Kilfane.*

**I** AM here alone, with our good Friend A. B. who is very ill with the Rheumatism. His Family are all in Dublin.

You are certainly extremely sorry for Lord Tavistock.—I feel myself much shocked at the Manner of his Death, and sincerely grieved for the heavy Loss his Father, Mother, and oh! his Wife, must have of him. He had a most excellent Character. I know nothing of the Marchioness,



Marchioness, but hope, *in Charity*, that she is not a good Woman;—for if she be, I fear for her Life and Senses.

This Weather is miserably bad, and does not much encourage one to undertake a Voyage—however, it will have Time enough to grow calm again, before I receive my Bill from Belfast; for I must *raise the Wind* before I sail, which is a proper Expression in a double Sense, as I love brisk Gales, having been Sea-sick enough of *Calms* already.

I have been dully employed, almost ever since I came over, in correcting our late Letters \*, which I meet with in every House I go to. They have been but carelessly printed. Thus have I been, like the Story in Jacob Behmen's Vision, *contemplating our Works*, for some Time past;—and, thank God, there is nothing to be met with in them, which need give us Cause to be sorry, when we shall, like his Spectres, become Spirits in Reality.

I promised to be dull †, and I believe you'll think me a Man of Honour now.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

\* Volumes III and IV.

† Letter last but one, last Paragraph.

## LETTER DLXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Borris.*

I HAVE been here these two Days, at Mr. K——'s. I only meant to have staid Dinner Yesterday, but they would not let me away till To-morrow. Nay, I am not quite sure of that neither.—For *my Horses are in their Stable*—by which Phrase you are to understand, that I am a perfect *Vagabond* in the Country at present, and am sent about *from Constable to Constable*, at the Charge of the *Parishes* I am *transmitted from*.

But they are upon Honour to deliver me at Castlelomer To-morrow; and then, but not before, I shall look upon myself to be fairly on my Road toward my dear Fanny—for when I quit this Country, I cannot have the least Manner of Temptation to loiter an Hour any where else.

Such a load of Loves and Professions as I have brought from the B——s for you, would encumber the Post, and my Portmantua.—I asked Kate for a Letter to you, and she good-naturedly sat down to her Desk, but soon quitted it; excusing her Laziness by the too high Compliment of saying,

ing, that she found herself too much *awed* to write a Line.

She said that she used to scribble to you, *without Fear or Wit*, while she knew you only by the Ease and Chearfulness of your Conversation; but since she has had a Peep into the Stile of your Correspondence, she actually finds her Fingers spancellord.—She had read the first Series, when they first came out—but she was only a Child then, and had forgot them. She was beginning them again, when I left her.

Mrs. K—— has as quick a Relish for those Writings too, and has said some flattering Things about them—all which I may say, without Vanity, as they are mostly your Parts of the Correspondence that are commended. She was extremely curious about the several little Anecdotes interspersed through them; and I have indulged her with the secret History of them. She wishes there had been more of such Passages, for, as I say somewhere, *Women delight in little Novels extremely* \*.

This is a fine romantic Country—somewhat wild, of Course. It is situated on the Borders of the Counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, and Wexford. Mr. K—— has made a Plantation here,

\* *Triumvirate.*

according to the *Diagram* pointed out in the first Chapter of the Second Volume of *The Triumvirate*, and it has a pretty Effect.

Adieu, my dearest Life.—It is Words, not Sentiments, I want, when I do not express my Fondness for you.

HENRY.

# LETTER DLXXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Castlemier.*

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

I am not well—indeed I have not been so, nor in Spirits, any one Day since I left you. However, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have neither drank Tea, Coffee, nor Claret, since I came to Ireland: And these two Days I have suffered both Burgundy and Champagne to pass under my Nose untasted. And in this Precaution I promise to persevere—though I don't find myself a Bit the better for it.

Doctor

Doctor Butler is here, and pities me. He says that my Cholic is not bilious, but nervous, and has prescribed the Bark.—I thank him, and shall try it, as soon as I can get where any good of the Kind is to be had.

I send you a Poem I cut out of a News-paper To-day, which surprized me, as Johnson said, *from one who has yet no Name*. I never heard of this Collection: They must have come out since I left London.

By this Sample they seem to have a good deal of Merit. Though I don't agree with his Epithets of the *Moon's Yellow Rays*.—*Silver* is the general poetical Expression for Luna's Tresses, and *Gold* for the Beams of the Sun.

Envy with malignant *glare*, too, strikes me as bad Imagery. *Glare* is a staring look, denotative of Impudence or Folly—Envy or Malignancy, gives a lowering, contracted Brow, not without a Squint.

But judge of the Poem for yourself—and Adieu, my dear indulgent Critic.

HENRY.



## RETIREMENT. AN ODE.

FROM THE NEW EDITION OF POEMS,

BY JAMES BEATTIE, A. M.

S HOOK from the purple Wings of Even  
 When Dew impearls the Grove,  
 And from the darkening Verge of Heaven  
 Beams the sweet Star of Love ;  
 Laid on a daisy sprinkled Green,  
 Beside a plaintive Stream,  
 A meek-ey'd Youth of serious Mien  
 Indulg'd this solemn Theme.

Ye Cliffs, in hoary Grandeur pil'd  
 High o'er the glimmering Dale ;  
 Ye Groves, along whose Windings wild  
 Soft sighs the saddening Gale ;  
 Where oft lone Melancholy strays,  
 By wilder'd Fancy sway'd,  
 What Time the wan Moon's yellow Rays  
 Gleam through the chequer'd Shade !

To you, ye Wastes, whose artless Charms  
 Ne'er drew Ambition's Eye,  
 Scap'd a tumultuous World's Alarms  
 To your Retreats I fly.  
 Deep in your most sequester'd Bower  
 Let me my Woes resign,  
 Where Solitude, mild modest Power,  
 Leans on her ivy'd Shrine.

How

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair !  
Thy heavenly Smile how win !  
Thy Smile, that sooths the Brow of Care,  
And stills each Storm within !  
O wilt thou to thy favourite Grove  
Thine ardent Votary bring,  
And bless his Hours, and bid them move  
Serene on silent Wing !  
Oft let Remembrance sooth his Mind  
With Dreams of former Days,  
When soft on Leisure's Lap reclin'd  
He carol'd sprightly Lays.  
Blest Days ! when Fancy smil'd at Care,  
When Pleasure toy'd with Truth,  
Nor Envy with malignant Glare  
Had harm'd his simple Youth.  
'Twas then, O Solitude ! to thee  
His early Vows were paid,  
From Heart sincere and warm and free,  
Devoted to the Shade.  
Ah ! why did Fate his Steps decoy,  
In stormy Paths to roam,  
Remote from all congenial Joy—  
O take thy Wanderer home !  
Henceforth thy awful Haunts be mine !!  
The long-abandon'd Hill,  
The hollow Cliff, whose waving Pine  
O'erhangs the darksome Rill ;

Whence the scar'd Owl on Pinions grey  
Breaks from the rustling Boughs,  
And down the lone Vale sails away  
To Shades of deep Repose.

O while to thee the Woodland pours  
Its wildly warbling Song,  
And fragrant from the Waste of Flowers  
The Zephyr breathes along ;  
Let no rude Sound invade from far,  
No vagrant Foot be nigh,  
No Ray from Grandeur's gilded Car  
Flash on the startled Eye.

Yet if some Pilgrim mid the Glade  
Thy hallow'd Bowers explore,  
O guard from Harm his hoary Head,  
And listen to his Lore.

For he of Joys divine shall tell,  
That wean from earthly Woe,  
And triumph o'er the mighty Spell  
That chains this Heart below.

For me, no more the Path invites  
Ambition loves to tread ;  
No more I climb those toilsome Heights,  
By guileful Hope misled :  
Leaps my fond fluttering Heart no more  
To Mirth's enlivening Strain,  
For present Pleasure soon is o'er,  
And all the past is vain.

LETTER

## LETTER DLXXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Carlow.*

**I** AM now on my Road to Portarlinton, and must confess that I go there with more Impatience to receive your Packet of Letters, which I have ordered thither, than even to see my Child.

I think the Bark does me good for my Cholic, but hurts my Gravel, from its Astringency—but this I regard not—one is but Pain, the other Danger; and you have made a Coward of me, preferring Agony to Death.

However, I have, thank God, been pretty easy all Day with regard to both these Ailments, and have nothing that immediately presses on my Mind neither; and yet it is very unaccountable—for since the Morning I left you last, I have never enjoyed one Hour's Chearfulness, nor been sensible of one Gleam of mental Sun-shine.

It is not merely the being separated from you that occasions this Gloom. I need not take Advantage of foreign Circumstances to compliment you;—for I have had Pleasure and Satisfaction, the several Trips I made hither before, in the same Things, the same Company, and Friends,

that give me no Manner of Delight—nay, mostly disgust me at present—and that without any Change, that I am the least conscious of, in the Persons or Things themselves.

Have you not, at some Times of your Life, for Weeks, for Months together, had a total Indifference to Food, swallowing it down merely for Sustenance, nauseating it like a Medicine all the while, and yet without any Disorder that might account for such a Loathing?

Just so do I feel myself at present affected in my Mind, without any other Malady than a certain unaccountable Coyness of Disposition, which being unnatural, as all *Prudery* is, will not, I hope, long hold out.

Adieu, my only Object—thank God, I have Delight in you; nor are you or your Children seen by me through the foggy Medium that now obscures my Sensations.

*Yours,*

HENRY.

LETTER



## L E T T E R DLXXX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dear FANNY,**Portarlington.*

I ARRIVED here safe, and in tolerable Ease, and had the Pleasure to find your Daughter perfectly well. I examined her in French and English, and she reads them both with Ease and Correctness. I shall carry her with me to Dublin, and there is a Lady going from hence, in a few Days, for England, who will deposit her with our Friends at Chester, till I make my Way to her by the Head.

It is with Impatience I have wrote through the above Paragraph, before I took Notice of your Letters, which I had the Transport of receiving here the Moment I alighted. I did not kiss my Child half enough, till after I had read them.

I was in Hopes that they would have afforded me an Hour or two's Amusement, for this Evening, to answer them all, but I find that my own Presentiment has prevented me of that Pleasure; for as most of your Inquiries are about my Health, Business, Avocations, and Return, I had already satisfied you about all those Particulars in my

*Doomsday*

*Doomsday Book*, as I somewhere stile my Letters; because they always render you so strict an Account, both of every Action of my Life, and of every Thought or Purpose of my Soul.

I read, sealed, and forwarded the very pretty Letter you inclosed me for your amiable Friend. This accounts for an Observation I had just made upon your present Manuscripts before me. They are all of them wrote in your usual Stile, except the one that inclosed the Epistle just mentioned—you had put all your *that Day's* Spirit and Affection into it, and fobbed me off with a mere *Wife's Letter*, upon the Occasion.

Had you always wrote to me in that old *Turnstile*, the World would have been deprived of two very extraordinary Characters, in a certain singular Class of Life. For you must have been equally incapable of loving, or of being loved, as you do, and are, and ever have been; and our Romance must have fallen to the Ground.

*Mend your Hand*, my dearest Fanny, by the next Pacquet; for a Month's Correspondence of that Kind, would *write me down* into a mere *good Husband*, I really believe. For Action without Re-action soon terminates in Rest.

I find, from the Number of Pages you send me, that you proceed but slowly in your Novel. I know you are a Vagabond; but notwithstanding,  
you

you may surely be able to compass one Letter, or two, a Day, at least, which will gain Ground insensibly. You remember your lively and active Friend's Maxim—to *keep doing*, though ever so little.

I don't care to shame you, but my Work is almost finished; and I think I shall be able to *solve*, without *severing*, The Gordian Knot, in a Way that you'll be satisfied with. Let this spirit you up; for I don't care to publish without you. Hand in Hand, as Heart in Heart, let us march together through Life—Amen!

I received the Pleasure and Compliment of your Lines on my Birth Day, and thank you for them. They are in a peculiar Kind of Metre—and it has its Effect. Why should not both of us be Originals?

I am sorry to hear of your Head-ach, and weak Eyes again. I won't say one Word of raking, because I am not in a fit Temper for scolding,—but I heartily wish I was in London, to take some better Care of *myself*. For what other Property have I in Life but you!

*La Fançon envoit son Devoir*, and your Mother sends her Blessing.—I was so taken up with your Child, and your Letters, that I forgot to tell you she is well before.

Adieu,

Adieu, my dearest Life. I have already *exhausted Language*, in expressing my Love, Approbation, and Esteem for you, and want the Powers of Shakespear to *imagine new*.

HENRY.

---

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

*March 17, 1767.*

'Twas on this Day my Muse was first inspir'd  
 With trembling Hand to touch the Lyric Chord,  
 And sing of thee!  
 And though a Score of killing Winters, since,  
 Have damp'd her Fires, still shall the darling Theme  
 Arouse the Embers first illum'd by Love;  
 And I will sing of thee!  
 Still shall the Fondness of a grateful Heart,  
 Pour Blessings on my Love, and earnest pray,  
 That this auspicious Morn, oft, oft, returning,  
 May on its downy Wing bear Health, Content,  
 And Happiness to thee!

LETTER



## LETTER DLXXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dublin.

**F**ANCHON and I have arrived here safe, and she is all Transport at the Thoughts of seeing you, and her Brother, so soon—not but that the Idea of a Voyage and a Journey, and another Kingdom, often mixes itself up, like a good rich Jelly Sauce, to sweeten her Duty and Affection. She mentions these Circumstances, at least, more frequently than she does either *ma Mere*, ou *mon Frere*.—I make her speak French constantly.

I have received a Letter from you since I came to Town. You cavil at my Letters from Clonmel. What could I write from such a Scene, but the Occurrences of the Place? But you have lived among the *Beaux Esprits*, since we parted, and I have not. This may account and apologize also, I hope, for the Difference of our Sentiments upon this Occasion.

As to the Delays, on my Part of the Correspondence, they were owing to my not knowing how to adapt my Letters to the Posts across the Country, as I did not abide long enough, in any Stage,



Stage, to inform myself of their regular Course. Your Letters were more rare, and yet I accepted your not knowing how to direct *to me*, on my Circuit, as an Excuse.

*Hanc veniam petimusque, &c.*

I am afraid that the Scheme about Isabella and Gertrude will not answer your Purpose, from the Character you give of it. An English Audience cannot relish the Simplicity of the French Drama. What has been attempted already, in that Way, has been forced upon the Town, *contre son gré*.

The Nations seem to have exchanged Characters with each other. The brisk, lively, unfeudatory *Monsieur* will listen patiently to *whole length* Speeches, waiting for a single Sentiment at the End of it, and will sit out the longest Representation, attending, with Applause, to pure Diction, elegant Language, or Consistence of Character, alone, concurring in bringing about one simple and unintricate Event.

While the plodding and philosophic *John Bull* must have Situation, Trick, Incident, forced Adventure, improbable Mistake, Trap-Wit, Repartee, a Chambermaid's Pertness, a Footman's Impertinence, a Ladder of Ropes, or a Garden Door, in every Scene, to keep him from Yawning.

Whose

Whose Fault is this, you'll ask? No one's—but it is our Misfortune only.—The French Theatre is in Possession of a Set of Performers, who tread the Stage like Persons in the higher Classes of Life. Their *Green Room* appears a perfect *Drawing Room*. When they personate Lords and Ladies, the Improbability does not shock an Audience. Less Incident, less Stage Trick, then, will be requisite, in such a Case. The Boxes must naturally feel themselves interested in the smallest Matter which concerns those who *appear to be* their Equals, and the Pit will also be apt to conceive a Respect for those who *appear to be* their Superiors.

But what is our Misfortune here without any Body's being in Fault? As I said before—Managers cannot compel Gentlemen and Ladies to walk our Stages, and those who are in Possession of such Accomplishments do not offer themselves. When any genteel Comedy, therefore, is brought into Representation here, the very first Act opens with a *tragic Scene*.—For my Lord and his Countess seem rather to *stalk* in like Ghosts, than to walk to and fro like living Personages; and when they attempt to speak the Language and Sentiments which become such Characters, but not such *Caricaturas*, the Play becomes instantly a

*Farce*,

*Farce*, which may be aptly stiled *Low Life above Stairs*.

This Situation of Affairs must necessarily lay us under a Difficulty of entertaining an Audience, without the Help of such *Pranks* as I have above described. One Man must speak for Half an Hour, in such a Manner as no Man ever spoke, in order that another Person shall misunderstand him, so as no one was ever misunderstood before; while the grinning Audience shall await patiently the Event of these Perplexities, which never could have happened, if one Man had but used common Speech, and the other made use of common Sense.

It is owing to the different Circumstances, then, of our Theatres, that there appears to be so different a Taste between the two Nations, to our Disadvantage. Whatever is natural must please all People alike, provided that it be *naturally* represented. An Englishman who was perfect Master of French, would relish a genteel Comedy, or *la Comedie larmogante*, if he saw it performed on a French Theatre. And after he had lived some Years in France, he would return disgusted at the *Chicanerie*, as he would then stile it, of our English Theatre. So that the Proverb is very applicable upon this Subject, though I am sorry  
for

for the Pun,—“ Tell me your *Company*, and I'll  
“ tell you what you are.”

Therefore I would never have you trouble yourself about any Scheme of this Kind, while the present Prejudices subsist—for what signifies your translating a French Piece, unless you can *translate* the Actors also? or prevail on *Garrick* to personate, like *Scapin*, Half a Dozen Characters at once.

It is late, and I am tired.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

P. S. Write to me first to Holyhead, and next to Chester, and last to Coventry. There let our Correspondence end, for Life, as I intend and hope we never shall be parted more.—Amen!

LETTER



## L E T T E R DLXXXII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.*Dear* HARRY,

**O**UR Letters pass to and fro in so irregular a Manner, that they seem to have quite lost the Spirit of a Correspondence of late. We cannot reply to each other's Sentiments, till they become so stale, that it resembles the Account which some Traveller gives of *Nova Zembla*, where the Words that are spoken in Winter, remain frozen till the next Thaw dissolves them into a Sort of Babylonish Dialect, which renders them unintelligible to the Hearers.

Therefore, till we may arrive within the proper Sphere of each other's Activity, instead of replying to your *Sense*, you must indulge me in the Privilege of supplying my own *Nonsense*, during the few Posts that I hope are yet to be interposed betwixt us.

And as our poor *Go-cart* Sex are circumscribed within certain Bounds, and are subjected to the Dominion of certain prescribed Rituals, I beg leave to inform you that this is *the first of April*, on which Day, in the Year one of the Creation, the Charter of our Sex was signed, to empower

us



us to play the Fool, with Authority irrefragable, during all Time to come.

The first Subject then, which must *naturally* occur to me, under such a *Diploma* as this, is myself—and yet I cannot think this to be a fair Instance of my Argument neither, as I look upon myself to be rather one of your Foibles than mine. You love, you admire, you esteem me, while I feel none of these Partialities in my own Sentiments; and whenever I am brought to refer such Affections to myself, it is solely through a reflex Act of the Mind, which is fond of adopting your Opinions, and of loving, admiring, and esteeming every Object of your Choice.

The next Instance I shall give you, is, the extreme Tenderneſs I am sensible of toward my Children. Does not the Wisdom of *the Porch* reckon such fond Follies among the Weakneſſes of human Nature? And does not the ſtoical Philoſophy deem the Man of Apathy equal to the Gods? The Gods of Epicurus they muſt then be, who are ſaid to regard not the Works of their own Creation.

But the higheſt Link in this peculiar Chain of Foibles, is, my Love for thy own dear ſelf. What Weakneſs, to place my whole Happineſs out of my own Poſſeſſion, and conſide my every Blis to another's Truſt? Were Man and Wife but merely  
one

one Flesh, it were not difficult to sever a Limb, where a Mortification might be apprehended—but we are but one Soul only, and I have not Force sufficient to abstract my Mind. Thou art my one undivided and indivisible Thought—my sole Idea when awake, and the only Image of my sleeping Visions.

Thou art—but I am running mad with Metaphysics, and am luckily called back to the Objects of Sense again. So I shall just step down Stairs to scold my Maids a little, by way of exercising my Rationality; for they are making rather too free with the Privileges of *the Day*, and raising such a Riot as may disturb the Neighbourhood.

Yet which are the greatest Fools, betwixt us? They are laughing—while I am in Tears.

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DLXXXIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*My dearest FANNY,**Dublin.*

**I** RECEIVED your charming *Nonsense* Letter, and would answer it in the same Stile, but that I am in Hopes of kissing your Hand before this can reach it; and I look upon a *Tête à Tête* fooling to be much the best. I scorn to talk Nonsense behind your Back; but when we are Face to Face, I should think the best Sense to be the Height of Folly then, Philosophy unnatural, and all Reflection but *one* upon myself.

I shipped off my little Cargo, Yesterday Morning, to Chester, with a Purpose of following her, To-night, in the Pacquet; but I have just heard that the Yacht sails this Evening, the Wind brisk and fair. I am in good Health and Spirits; and the Hope of seeing you some Days sooner, than if I went by the *Head*, have tempted me to enter myself a *sea-faring* Man for this Passage.

Let me shew you what Sort of Father I am. The Lady who was to Matronise Ma Fanchon to England, failed away without her.—She had been summoned at Break of Day, and possibly might

have been carried aboard in her Sleep, or was so hurried, perhaps, that she had not Time to think about a Matter in which she had no Manner of Concern.

This Account was brought me about ten o'Clock, Yesterday Morning, by old Fra—W—, whom I had appointed my *Tide Waiter*, upon this Occasion. He told me, at the same Time, that there was another Chester Trader to sail in an Hour. I gave Fanny my Blessing, *paid her Portion*, joined their Hands, and sent them both off together, packing, down the Quays.

F. W. told me that she went skipping all the Way, like a *Welch Kid*, as she is, and expressed great Impatience to get into the Ship.—She had never seen one before, but said she had read a great deal about one, in her *Telemaque*, which made her long to go to Sea.

N. D. at whose House I have lain since I came to Town, scolded me much. She said I did not deserve to have a Child, and asked me what Provision or Sea-store I had sent with her? That Circumstance, I confess, never entered into my Head. But I told her that this was to try her Legitimacy—for if she was my Child, she would not want it; and if not, I did not think it incumbent on me to feed another Person's Brat. Something like the Negroes this—who throw their

Infants

Infants into the Sea, as soon as born, in order to drown the Aliens, for their own swim naturally.

How uncertain must our Judgments be of certain Actions? Without knowing the Characters of the Actors, it is impossible to frame just Opinions. There are Fathers who do not love their Children half so well as I do mine, who would not, however, have *transported* a Girl of theirs with so little *Querpo* as I did—put her into the Hand of a Pirate, for aught I know. But then these Persons would take more care of their own Lives, their Healths and Fortunes, than ever I did. I have no Formality in me, and would make as bad a Gentleman-Usher, *I hope*, as poor Gay.

I hear that ——— has been retaken, upon a second Action, on account of a Repetition of crim. con. which the Lawyers say will bear *a toties quoties* Trial. But I ask Pardon—for this may be deemed a Repetition of one of my *Glennel Anecdotes*.

This is the very Nation of Gossips. They are either more censorious or more credulous here than any People in the World. I have heard a Number of Scandals told of Persons in England, that I know to be absolutely false. Intrigues



mentioned between People who could never possibly have come within the Point of Contact together, who were as far removed from each other in Rank, as Dido and Æneas were in Chronology.

Some of our own Natives have received their Portions of Obloquy too—Persons who were not of Consequence enough to be taken Notice of in their own Country, have become Objects of Notoriety abroad. The Vulgar here look upon the living in London as a Sort of Preferment.—Our Air is foggy, and Things at a Distance always appear larger through such a Medium.

There was but one of these latter Novels that gave me much Concern—not on account of the Persons, as of the Connections, mentioned. It was \* \* \* \* \*  
I vindicated our Friends with so much Warmth and Success, that it has almost reconciled me to the Occasion.

Adieu, my dearest Life—and be assured that I expect not one Minute's Satisfaction till I meet you; which I really think that I never so sincerely longed for, in my Life, before:—But perhaps I might—one always feels the present Wish, or Want, stronger than they remember the past ones.

Like

Like one that stands upon a Promontory,  
 And spies a far off Shore where he would tread,  
 Wishing his Foot were equal with his Eye,  
 And chides the Sea that funders him from thence.

*Adieu, Encore—Yours for ever,*

HENRY.

# LETTER DLXXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

**T**HE Yacht did not sail Yesterday. The Wind is a *Whiffer*, and turned about just as I had got on Board. It is gone to Sleep for the present, so that we cannot tell in what Point it rests. However, if it continues its Lethargy, the Captain threatens to tide it over—a sickly Voyage of four or five Days! I shall go off in this Night's Pacquet.

I dined at J. M——'s Yesterday, among a pleasant Groupe of my Relations. I had never seen his Wife before, which one would not have imagined, by the time that Dinner was half over.

She is a pretty, agreeable, chearful, young Woman; and, as I told you before, that I am not formal, we *commenced* old Acquaintance at first View.

Cousin M—— was there—she had just received a Letter from the gay Ch——, which they commended vastly.—She repeated Passages out of it, but refused to let me see it; putting me off with a polite Compliment, that *Henry and Frances* must be precluded from a Peep into all Letters—in Manuscript.

I saw poor R—— Yesterday. He is obliged to keep Garrison, on account of certain Engagements he happened to enter into, for and with L—— K——. The Funds that were appointed for his Security, have been otherwise applied. But Brutus is an *honourable Man*, and it were a *Breach of Privilege* to say otherwise—for which I should be sent to Newgate, *instead of himself*.

You have not observed my Directions—you have suffered J. W. to steal away from London, before I go over. She is just arrived, but I shall not be able to stay long enough here to make me Amends for the Loss of her there.

Nothing new in this *statu quo* City. I dine at F——'s, sup no where, and lye at Sea—I wish I could

could say *sleep* there. I hope my next Letter will be dated from the British Continent.

*Adieu! Your fond, faithful,*

*and impatient Husband,*

HENRY.

## LETTER DLXXXV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**I** WROTE to my dear Harry, this Morning, a long Letter, and designed to have directed it to the *Head*. I afterwards flattered myself that you would have passed through there, before it could arrive, and therefore addressed it to Chester.

But I will write this to the *Head*; for why should I not take any Trouble, or run any Chance, rather than defer you a Moment's Pleasure? And I am sure it will afford you some, to hear that I am well, and so is your Son, and as happy as Expectation can make us. Your Presence alone can add to the Satisfaction we feel, from the dear Hope of seeing you soon.

I am extremely sorry that you should be displeased at my repining at the Uncertainty and

Infrequency of the Posts; for I know when my dear Harry is angry, though he does not chide. Be less agreeable, and less amiable, and I may then become more indifferent, whether I hear from or see you as often as my present Impatience urges me to desire.

I agree with your Opinion about Isabella and Gertrude; but if the Music be as good as they say, perhaps it might be worth while to write something quite new to it. I long to have you over to try it for me. I think your Criticism upon the English and French Theatres, is ingenious and just. The Managers of Covent Garden, I hear, have sold their Patent. The Purchasers are not yet declared, but I hope Colman is one. I would have Men of Sense, Taste, and Knowledge at the Head of both the Theatres.

I confess I shall be jealous, if you loiter an Hour in Chester. I have somewhere before said, that the Nearness of any Event increases my Impatience, but for a certain given Time only—Delay or Disappointment damps it. For the Moment I begin to cease to hope, I cease to wish. This, my dear Harry, is my Philosophy about the Matter.

I do not think, I do not hope, I do not wish, that this Letter will ever reach your soft Hand—but my writing it will satisfy my soft Heart.—

Vous



Vous voyez que je badine, mais je suis certainement sérieux, quand je dis que je vous aime, de tout mon cœur, & que je suis tout à vous.

This Touch is by Way of a little Practice, against *ma petite Fançon* arrives—for I mean to have a Trial of Skill with her, as soon as we become somewhat better acquainted. Adieu to ye both, wherever ye are.

You very justly observe that we feel our present Inclinations stronger than our former ones. I declare, upon my Honour, that I think, at least, I never was sensible of a fonder Wish for your Return, than at this Moment. I have a *Thousand and One* Things to communicate to you, but I will not write any of them. You know I am a perfect *Shebezerade*\*. I do love prating to you, that's certain. There is but this Difference between us. She gobbled it away in the Morning—I love it only at Night. Do, my dear Harry, haste to indulge

*Your own fend, faithful, and foolish*

PRATE-A-PACE.

P. S. I join my *Amen* most fervently to yours †.

\* The Person who relates the Arabian Tales.

† Postscript of Letter DLXXXI.

## LETTER DLXXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Par-Gate.*

CAME over in the Yacht, after all—no Matter why or wherefore. We made our Passage by Tacks, and *Helm a Lee* has worked me almost to a Non-entity. I have now a strong Notion of poor Browne's Idea of himself, in his Dedication to the late Queen, that his Soul had been stolen out of his Body, his mental Faculties exhausted, retaining nothing but mere Animal Life within him\*.

I am obliged to go to Bed, for I am not able, and it is too late, besides, to go to Chester. The Captain that brought Fanny over, lives in this Town, and has just called here to let me know that he left her safe and well, at Cousin H——'s.

I shall lose no Time in hastening to London.

*Adieu, my Life—your poor sick Shadow!*

HENRY—the Eighth—  
*for aught I know, at present.*

\* See the Adventurer, No. 88.

## LETTER DLXXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dear FANNY,**Chester.*

**I** CAME hither this Morning, and found Fanny well, and well pleased. Her Cousins seem to be charmed with her. The *Patavinité*, Frankness, and Shrewdness of her Country were equally remarked upon. I got my Scoldings here too, for the desultory Manner in which I sent her off. I joked myself out of the Scrape, by saying that I thought we were too great a Treasure to adventure in one Bottom.

I had the Pleasure of receiving a long and lively Letter from you here, and have not the least Manner of Pique at your little innocent Piece of Pertness; so that your sneaking Apology was by no Means necessary. You know that I have always been pleased at, and encouraged you in it, against myself—and, to do you Justice, I have been the only *Butt*, that your Tendernefs or Politeness would ever suffer you to make in your Life.

But I confess that I was low spirited, dull, and uneasy, all the Time I was in Ireland—indeed ever since I left you—and I hope, and really believe, now, it was *for that very Reason*; and you know, I am sorry to say it, too well, how the

veriest Trifles are apt to affect one at such Times.

It must have been entirely owing to such a forward Disposition of Humours, if I did express myself with the least Peevishness in any of my Letters; for I forget every Circumstance relating to it, at present, as the Thoughts of seeing my dearest Fanny, even at the tedious Interval between this and London, have raised a temporary Gleam of mental Sunshine within me, though my Fatigue at Sea prevents me still from finding any Improvement in my Spirits.

Think of a whole Crew, the Captain himself not excepted, being *Helm a Lee* sick, all but our Friend W. A. who happened to be one of the Passengers, and was very useful to two very pretty young Ladies on Board. The Fellow must have been all Outside—he can have no more *Bowels* than a Statue certainly.

We shall set out as soon as the Chaise comes to the Door, and shall be in London as fast as the Posts will carry us to mutual Love and Esteem,

“ In which I bind,

“ On Pain of Punishment, the World to weet

“ We stand up peerless.”——

I hope to *kiss your Hand* at Coventry, *en passant* \*.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

\* See Postscript to Letter DLXXXI.

Henry and Frances!



LETTER DLXXXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

London.

**A**RAGGED Constable is your only Man, after all. What signifies your Moralist, your Legislator, without his Assistance? This is the respectable Person who inspirits Ethics, and gives Weight to Polity.

D—— succumbed at the Sight of him, and discharged the Bill that he has trifled about so long, to our great Inconvenience. I have paid off the several Demands upon us this Morning; and hope I should have done so, though there never had been a *Ragamuffin* in the World. I think there is a Pleasure in running in Debt, for the Satisfaction of paying. I can speak no other Way than in Adage or Antithesis.

I thought that this Information might be worth the double Postage of this *Advice*; for I shall inclose it to Miss C——, as you might not expect a Letter during so short an Excursion, and consequently would make no Inquiry for one.

So please to take Notice, in the honest Humour I am in for the present, that you are to pay your Friend a Groat for this Damage—which exactly  
cancels



cancels every Debt between you. For your mutual Esteem and Regard for each other, put you on an equal Footing, in every other Particular. If I could pay either of ye a greater Compliment, I would, in the good humoured Disposition of Mind I feel myself at this *present Writing*.

This is one of my Schemes for discharging the public Debt. For if all the Members of the Commonwealth would but mutually release each other, a *Sponge* would be all that was necessary to exonerate the Exchequer.

But if we cannot prevail on them to forgive us our Trespasses, as we forgive them theirs, I have another Scheme to propose, which I hope they will not refuse—which is, to take the whole Debt of the Nation upon myself. There's a Patriot for you ! never talk to me of your Pitts, your Temples, or your Savilles again.

Love and good Will to all ; and *believe* me to be, what I hope is not a mere *Article of Faith*, my dear Fanny's fond and affectionate Husband, Lover, Friend.

ATLAS,  
HERCULES,  
ELEPHANT,  
TORTOISE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R DLXXXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

York.

I ARRIVED here last Night, with a double Fatigue to the Day before; for the Roads were worse, and I was weaker. Three Gingerbread Nuts, and a Pint of white Wine, was all I eat or drank from London to this Town. My Agonies and Retchings, all the Way, met with great Compassion from all the Stage Company.

They seemed surprized that I would venture to proceed on my Journey; but I made their Minds easy, by telling them that this Disorder was of twenty Years standing—and as Peters said, who had thrice slipped his Neck out of the Halter, *there is not so much in hanging, when one is used to it.*

It is a most extraordinary Circumstance, in my Disorder, that the simplest and slightest Food has this Effect upon me, if I use the least Manner of Motion, though slow as the Minutes of impatient Love, for five or six Hours after it. One would fancy it was from my Instance alone, that the Physicians have so absurdly ranked *Diet and Exercise*, under the Head of *Non-Naturals*.

I wish

I wish I was a Camelion, or even a Clock. This is a better Machine than a Man. If any Thing be amiss there, we can open it, and remedy the Evil effectually. But all Medicine to Man is only Guess-work and Hazard.

I had *one* bad Symptom—should I not say *two*? For *both* my Legs were swelled these two Days—a Dropsy to be sure—whether an *Ascites*, or an *Anasarca*, I did not trouble myself to inquire. You know some People who would not rest till they knew which, though equally incurable.

I might spare myself the further Trouble of telling you that I am well again, for you know that I should not have mentioned a Word of the Matter if I were not. Last Night's good Rest, with a reclined Posture, have *brought my Legs to Bed*, and delivered one of them of an *Anasarca*, and the other of an *Ascites*. I have been strutting about the Room this half Hour, and looking down at them every Minute, like a young Fop with his first silk Stockings on.

Of all my once numerous Consanguinity in this City, there remains but one at present, Miss Flora A——. My Landlord tells me she is about twenty, and an handsome Likeness of her Mother; whom I remember to be an handsome Likeness of Cleopatra. A clear Egyptian Skin, black  
Eyes,

Eyes, dark Hair, pearly Teeth, and an elevated Nose.

I had a Sort of tender Friendship for her, before you were ever a Maid. I dare not call to see my Cousin now, lest I should re-visit the Charms of the Mother on the Daughter—and the Languishments of Love, with those of Disease, are more than my Strength is compos for at present. I shall wait, therefore, till my Return from the Sea; and if the balneum Veneris should have the same Effect with Medea's Kettle, I may then be able to address her upon more equal Terms; and to say to my now recovered Legs, *Limbs, do your Office.*

I stay here To-day, and go to Scarborough To-morrow.

*Adieu, my Life—Ditto, my Children.*

HENRY REDIVIVUS.

LETTER

## L E T T E R D X C.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Scarborough.*

“ **H**IS Horse grew tired, before he had  
 “ earned Half his Hire, so that it was late  
 “ at Night before Mr. Carewe had reached the  
 “ Inn at Scarborough\*.” This was literally  
 the Case. Forty-three Miles was too long a Stage  
 for a Couple of hired Garrans. I felt something  
 of Romance about me, at coming into a Scene I  
 had once unseen imagined, and almost in the same  
 Circumstances too, which I had before so pro-  
 phetically described.

As soon as I had refreshed myself, both with  
 Food and Raiment, I sent my Compliments to  
 the Bishop and his Ladies, who immediately came  
 down to me, and brought me up, to their own  
 Hôtel, where they had engaged an Apartment for  
 me—and my good-natured hospitable Friend has  
 invited me to be one of his Family, while I stay.

His Lordship's Expression was, that *I should*  
*consider myself as at Home.* I replied, that I could  
 only do so in one Instance—as being under *Petty-*

\* See the first Paragraph of the Triumvirate.



coat Government still; but that at Home, I paid both for my Diet and Lodging.

They all asked a thousand kind Questions about you, and seemed to wish so sincerely that you had been able to have come with me, that if your staying behind should not have answered the only Purpose designed by it, it will be an additional Mortification to me all my Life. Even our necessary Separations are extremely irksome—but a needless one doubles the Exile.

*Adieu!*

CHARLES CAREWE.

---

## LETTER DXCI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I HAVE received your alarming Letter from York. You think to have quieted my Apprehensions by a subsequent Paragraph—but a Plaister is a poor Amends for a broken Head—how much less can a Salvo ease a broken Heart! The shocking Situation of your Health is my constant brooding Case—it needs no foreign Wing to hatch the ill-omened Bird. Your amazing Spirit

Spirit keeps up your Spirits, under so hard a Conflict. But I have neither Spirit nor Spirits, under your Danger. We are not upon equal Terms in such a Struggle—you can but die—but I alas! may live! Good Heaven forbid, shall be my Prayer this Night.

All your lively Sallies about your fair Cousin are thrown away on me. They give me, indeed, "Assurance of a Man," but no Insurance of his Life. The same Chearfulness I have seen you preserve, even when you yourself thought the last Agonies to be upon you.

Your Stoicism will remain, I hope, and I doubt it not, even to your last Gasp. So be it! but oh! let me never be a bare Hearer of such Heroism—let me see it rather; for then I trust, that I should not be able to outlive it.—Together let us live, together die.—Amen! Amen! be ever still my daily Prayer.

*Adieu, my Harry!*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DXCII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**I** REJOICE to hear that you are safe landed at Scarborough, and placed under the Care of such friendly and hospitable Hands. There is a Benevolence running through the whole Character of your good Bishop, that breathes the true Spirit of primitive Christianity. He is happy, I hope—if not, it cannot be his own Fault, and he will be so.

I wonder often, I really do, that there are not more good People in the World, than one generally meets with. It is not surely so difficult a Thing to be good, as careless or indolent Persons are generally too apt to imagine. A little Attention, with but a little more Exertion of our natural Dispositions, would be sufficient to place Humanity in a fairer Point of View than it mostly appears in.

It were impious to charge the Depravity of our Minds to original Composition. Providence gave us Passions. They are *Endowments*, not *Corruptions*, of our Nature. Passions are not Vices—it is the Excess, or wrong Applications of them only, that renders them so—and for this we have but ourselves to blame.

I can-

I cannot think, I cannot write, in any other Strain, and do believe that I shall never be able to do any Thing else, for the Rest of my Life, but preach and pray.

I have great Hopes for you, from Sea bathing. “ Out of the Deep have I called.” The Hygean Waves of Weymouth gave a surprizing Turn to your Disorder last Year—and you have now the Addition of the Scarborough Spa, which is said to be sovereign, in all nervous or scorbutic Cases, of which your Ailment is thought to be compounded.

Pray return my sincere Thanks to the good Friends of your Hôtel, for the Kindness of their Wishes toward me. I need not say that I join mine to theirs, in wishing to be among ye; but the Business you left me upon remains still in the same doubtful Situation. I have not seen Mr. G—— since you went. He still expresses the same friendly Inclinations toward me at a Distance, but continues rather too coy in his Visits.

If he does not call on me soon, I shall venture to write to him. But I must endeavour to get up my Spirits a little first; for he is too lively to be accosted with Preachments and Prayings.

The Circumstances of your going into Scarborough, you say, were romantic. But what Portion of our Lives has not been so? I am certain

tain that our Loves, at least, will appear a perfect Romance to the succeeding Generation. Nay do not Half the present Race believe it one already? I cannot blame their Incredulity, when I confess that even I am often tempted to think so, and sometimes say to myself, sure all this is *too good News to be true*.

I wish, indeed I do, that you would not write so kindly to me. I do not deserve the Half of it—and methinks the other Half but reproaches me.

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DXCIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Scarborough.*

**I** Go into the Sea, *swimmingly*, every Day, but have not found any good Effect from it yet. The Badness of the Weather here may, perhaps, have restrained its Virtues.

If it was not for the Benefit of the Salt Water, one need not descend to the Ocean to bathe themselves; for we may now almost swim where Birds were wont to fly—and when there happens to be  
any



any Action in that Element, it is Waves, not Winds, that appear to move. One may as well live under the Water, at present, as over it, for there is no more Air above than would supply the Lungs of a Mackerel. If I should outlive this Weather, it will make my Fortune, for I shall turn *Pearl-fisher* directly, as there is full as much Atmosphere in a *Diving Bell* as I breathe now in a whole Day. In short, none but a Muffel-man will be able to live on our highest Hills here soon.

You'll forgive me this Quibble, my dear Critic, if you but consider my present Situation—Were you here yourself you would be glad to *gasp* at any Thing that had even the *Air* of Wit. *Aura veni, aura veni*, is now become our last Prayer.

I am sorry you have not yet had an Opportunity of concluding with Mr. G—— about your *Pere de Famille*; for notwithstanding what I urged in a former Letter, against such Pieces, I think it would do under his Auspices. He has a Way of leading the Town into any Scheme he undertakes. He has given them so much Pleasure himself, that they place an implicit Faith in all his Manœuvres, and are more apt to suspect themselves than him; so that whether they like a Thing or no, I have seen them sit patiently by  
during

during a whole Performance, upon a Presumption that *they ought to have liked it.*

So that by the Dressings, Decorations, and other *Fitneses of Things*, under his admirable Management, it may, nay probably will, answer *your* Purpose at least, and if it should succeed, it would be lucky for you in its farther Consequences also; for if Audiences could be once brought into a Taste for that grave, polite, and elevated Manner of Writing, it is *your Forte*. And if he and Colman would but heartily concur together in such a Scheme, I am certain they would be soon able to reform the Taste of the Public, from Farce, Opera, and Pantomime, to higher Species of Representations.

What you had done of that Piece before I left London, was infinitely better than the Original; and the introducing of other Characters, and changing some of the Connections, which was your Design, will render it more agreeable, on the English Theatre, than the thin *Dramatis Personæ* of the Original.

Our good Bishop has been dangerously ill of a sore Throat. The Sea has affected Miss S——'s Head almost to Madness—she fell into an hysterical Convulsion. Mrs. B——, apprehending similar Effects, from sisterly Constitutions, has

been afraid to venture into the Sea—so that only Miss G—— and I have yet

“ buffeted the adverse Waves,  
“ With finewy Arms, and Hearts of Controversy.”

In answer to the very extraordinary Paragraph with which you close your last Letter, I do declare that it is not in my Power to help it. It must be your own Conduct, not my Reserve, that can restrain me.

I have an Exuberance of Love in my Soul, and if the natural Current of it should be opposed, it will overflow into other Channels—might that be a safe Experiment? But I will do what I can for you. Do, rear me a Parcel of Kittens, against I go to London. You remember the Story of my hugging a Cat once—before you were born \*.

Adieu, my dear *Puss in her Majesty*, I would not say a *Tab* for the World.

HENRY.

\* Vol. I. Letter CLXV. Paragraph 7.

## L E T T E R DXCIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Scarborough.*

I HAVE sent you up a Hamper of this Spaw, and shall flatter myself, the next Week, with an Idea of our both drinking out of the same Font together, at the same Time. I have sent you another Hamper of Frontiniac also, which is both genuine and cheap at this Place.

I have walked a good deal by the Sea Side, to fix upon some Spot that might answer the Description of Mr. Andrews's Situation †. But I have not yet fixed upon a Scene to my Mind. However, the Bishop, when he was taking the Air this Morning, tells me he has met with a Place, House and all, that answers in every Particular.

It belonged to Sir Marmaduke Wyville; it is about a Mile off, with a fine Prospect of the Sea. The Name of it too is *Philo*—which, if derived from the Greek, as no Doubt it is (Sir Marmaduke was a great Grecian, for aught I know)

† The Triumvirate.

it signifies *Love*—not the intersex Passion, but the more enlarged Affection—as *Philosophos*, *Philantropos*, both of which, you know, Mr. Andrews was.

The first Hour that I can *bring my Stomach* to it, I will ride out, and contemplate that Scene. I do not expect to meet with either an *Eloisa*, or an *Ethelinda*, there, nor elsewhere, indeed. I never saw any of my Female Heroines realized, but my own dear Fanny—who had not only Virtues enough to complete her own Character, but sufficient also to parcel out to the other Phantoms of my Brain.

There, now, give Half of that to little *Puffy Cat*.

*Adieu, my Fanny.*

HENRY ANDREWS.

LETTER



## LETTER DXCV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Scarborough.*

THE Waters, both Fresh and Salt, are beginning to operate upon me—so, prithee, be not any more alarmed about my Disorder. Mrs. B—— happened to see me in one or two of my retching Fits, and having never known me in that Way before, imagined me to be worse than I was, when she wrote the Letter to Miss G——, which has made you so uneasy.

I am glad to find you are going with the delightful Ch—— any where—but more so, to her own House, because that there she will be more herself, and she cannot be a better Thing, and live.

Neither News, nor Anecdote, at this Place, to entertain you. I spend my Time, *à la coutume*, intirely in my Study, except for the few short Intervals of Meals. I am situated like Adam, before he *fell asleep*; for my Apartment is a little Summer House in the Midst of a Garden. But *there*\*, as well as here, I still find *one a wanting*;

\* At the Hôtel.

for the more agreeable my Company are, the more they remind me of you.

A propos—please to present my Love and Joy, and Admiration, to the Ch——. How natural to think of her upon such a Subject? And to keep up the Chain, the Bishop asked me this Morning, what Sort of Man her Husband was? I replied that it would signify nothing to tell him, unless he had a Benefice of a Thousand Pounds a Year to confer. I am answered, said he, and thoroughly informed. But this is the best and most laconic Manner of drawing a Character, that ever I heard.

You provoked me with the little Paper of Accounts you sent me. “With all my worldly Goods I thee endow.” You have no one then but yourself to account with for your own Dowry. You put me in mind of a Man who used to play Dice alone, right Hand against left, and kept a fair Tally between the Gamblers—or are you such a Papist in your Stewardship, that you are not satisfied with the Acquittal of your own Conscience, unless the Priest absolve you?

Adieu, thou *Ninny*—you’ll not think this Expression too kind for you, I hope. You’ll hardly find *a Bit for your Cat*, in this Larder.

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DXCVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Scarborough.

I HAD the Pleasure of yours from the *Loage*, as I choose to call it; for *Beville's Seat*, so stiled, was at the same Distance from Hertford. I am just returned from the *Dimagdomé* \*, or Andrews's Farm; and if I had been on the Spot, when I was writing the Trio, I could not have described the Situation of it better. We are to pay a Visit to Cambridge, in our Route to London, and shall see *Gogmagog Hills*; so that, between you and me, we shall have travelled through that whole Novel, this Summer.

I wish you Joy of your *Tête à Tête*. She is not only, as you say, an Object of *Taste*, but of *Sentiment* also. It is on account of this latter, and better Part of her Character, that both you and I value her so highly; for I am too old, and you too virtuous, to be attached to any Person *qui manque au fond du cœur*. And then, with Regard to her numberless other *Agremens*, I say, with Othello,

*Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.*

\* Volume I, page 11, the Note.

This Family dined five Miles off, yesterday. I had no *stomach* to the Jaunt. It rained much, I felt uncomfortable, and ordered a Fire; for which I made the following galant Apology to Mrs. B——, on her Return.

While *Lalagè* is near, the frozen Zone,  
In spite of Nature, feels a torrid one.  
How different is the Sense, when she retires!  
Even Afric's burning Sands then ask new Fires.

So when the Sun withdraws its wonted Rays,  
The mimic Hearth supplies a genial Blaze;  
Which is to its great Parent what appear  
All other Eyes when *Lalagè* is near.

I plead Horace's Apology for all *Water drinking* Poets\*.

Upon receiving your Letter To-day, I brought out my Map of England, to see how you stood related to me by the Points of the Compass; and I have the Pleasure to find, that we are nearer to each other by every Inch of the Road from London to *The Lodge*, and that in a direct Line too.

This Piece of Geographical Fondness put poor Miss S—— into a Rage. She vowed that I had only made the Inspection in her Presence, by Way of insulting her forlorn Situation; for that so much Romance, in a Husband, was not possible in human Nature. I wish the good Girl may not die, till she has Reason to change her Opinion.

\* Nulla placere diu, &c.



The Weather, as you observed, has much improved on our Hands, and my bathing, and drinking the Sea Water (for I do both) have had some good Effects on me—not so remarkably, I confess, as they had at Weymouth. I really do not think that either the Flavour, or the Strength of these Waves, are the same with those. There is another Difference, though—perhaps your being here might improve their Strength, Flavour, and Effect.

However, I am generally well, pray believe me, except when an easterly Wind, or a moist Cloud, come across me. This Circumstance demonstrates my *present* Disorder; for it has shifted as many Shapes as Proteus—to be intirely nervous; and the Barometer and I rise and fall together.

There is a Lady here, so extremely like Mrs. P——, that I was actually running up to her, Yesterday Morning, at the Spa, to welcome her to Scarborough—and if she had not

“ Star’d upon the strange Man’s Face,  
 “ As one she ne’er had known,”

I should probably have given her an *Irish Hug* for Joy. I never saw such a Counterpart in my Life. She might rob a Church in the Face of the Congregation, and leave our poor Friend to



answer for the Sacrilege. However, I like our own Duplicate best: She appears, from her Company, to be a Woman of some Rank here; but what her Name, or whether Widow, Maid, or Wife, I know not, having not had Curiosity enough to inquire.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

## LETTER DXCVII.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

A SHOCKING Story has just occurred! Sir W. D. a Knight Baronet of this County, cut his Throat this Morning, and is not expected to live. He is an handsome young Man, of five-and-twenty, with a considerable Fortune. No Distress, no Disappointment, no Disorder, *pour passer le tems*, merely. If those who believed a Fate were in an Error, it was a natural one at least.

I am sorry to find you are quitting *The Lodge*, before I return to London; but am much more concerned to hear that *le Pere de Famille* is passed off for this Year. We cannot command Events; but I hope we have Philosophy enough, between

us,

us, to command our Minds from too much repining.

Now we talk of Philosophy, the modern Democritus, Tristram Shandy, is here. The Bishop has invited him, and introduced us to each other. He mentioned my *Strictures on his Writings* \* to me, and said that they had hurt him a little at first, notwithstanding the fine Qualifications I had thrown in, in Compliment to his moral Character. But upon going through the Work, he confessed that he soon became reconciled to me, was sensible of a strong Sympathy of *feeling* coming upon him every Chapter, and said to himself, "This Man, surely, hath no *Inimicability* in his "Nature."

He has communicated a Manuscript to us, that he means soon to publish. It is stiled a Sentimental Journey through Europe, by Yoric. It has all the Humour and Address of the best Parts of Tristram, and is quite free from the Grossness of the worst. There is but about Half a Volume wrote of it yet. He promises to spin the Idea through several Volumes, in the same chaste Way, and calls it his *Work of Redemption*; for he has but little Superstition to appropriated Expressions.

\* Preface to the Triumvirate.

I think that as strong a Parallel might be drawn between this Person and one Alain, an antient Author of the thirteenth Century, as there appeared to me between the female *Sofias* I mentioned to you in my last. I shall give you the Passage I allude to, out of Baillet's Characters of antient Writers, which I happened to bring down with me for Amusement on this Tour.

“ Barthius dit que dans ses ouvrages, il brilloit presque seul, au milieu de l'obscurité de son siècle. Mais il ajoute, qu'on est encore réduit, aujourd'hui, à demander ce qu'il a voulu dire dans ses pieces? On y trouve beaucoup de pensées guindées, dans lesquelles on voit regner, ordinairement, un double Galimatias, en ce que non seulement il ne s'est pas rendu intelligible à ses lecteurs, mais que probablement, il ne s'etendoit pas lui-même—c'est un chaos presque impenetrable. On y voit, pourtant, assez clair pour y reconnoître un caractère de vrai sophiste, qui a voulu mettre en usage toutes les supercheries scholastiques. Ce sont de grands riens enveloppez dans des obscuritez recherchées.

“ Son stile est conforme à sa matiere—il n'a point de regle, point de methode, point d'uniformité—il est embarrassé, obscur, et tout-à-fait

“ fait irregulier. Il est insupportable par l’affec-  
“ tation des figures, et des fleurs, dont il ne  
“ scait point menager l’emploi.

“ Apres tout, on lui trouve l’esprit vif, hardi,  
“ subtil, aisé, et agreable même, et qui auroit fait  
“ des merveilles, avec un peu plus de jugement,  
“ et de cette critique dont ces deux derniers siecles  
“ ont été eclairez.”

I should not have sent you this Extract, if it had not been qualified by the first and last Paragraphs, and that the Characters of their Writings were not really so extremely alike.

I am mending by slow, therefore by sure Degrees. This Coterie return your Compliments.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

LETTER

## L E T T E R D X C V I I I .

HENRY *to* FRANCES.*Scarborough, September 10, 1767.*

**Y**OU alarm me extremely about your Eyes. For God's Sake, take Care of them, for your own sake—for that comprehends mine. The Ch—— and you sat up too late, while ye were at *The Lodge*. I know both your Tricks.

We have fixed upon the fourteenth Instant to leave this Place, so that I cannot receive the Pleasure of any more Letters from you, except what may be now on the Road, till we meet. Your last was in a very cowardly Stile—I am ashamed of you. Fear nothing, and keep up your Spirits—for, believe me, that none but Fools or Scoundrels ever missed the Support of Providence, or the Assistance and Friendship even of this World, as bad as Knaves have made it.

*Triftram* and *Triglyph* have entered into a League, offensive and defensive, together, against all Opponents in Literature. We have, at the same Time, agreed never to write any more *Trifstrams* or *Triglyphs*. I am to stick to *Andrews*, and he to *Yoric*. He said that he was surprized the Critical Reviewers were not ashamed to shew their



their Faces, even as common Readers, who said that *Carew* was wicked for *Wickedness* Sake; for the Support of which Charge, he desires them to produce any one Action or Sentiment throughout the Work.

He comes every Morning into my Bower, and claims the Privilege of looking into my Manuscripts. He said flattering Things upon what I have wrote of *The Gordian Knot*. He read the Memoir of my Life, and actually dropped Tears as he went on. He begged of me, by all Means, to introduce that Piece into some Part of the present Work. I did not promise him; for in such a Writing every Thing must grow out of the current Occasion. I shall think of it, however, and have done so before.

I was at Church here last Sunday. What strange Kind of Preachers you have in England! This Divine stiled our Saviour the *natural Son* of God. There were some other Parts of his Sermon equally reprehensible.

This Subject recollects me of an extraordinary Dream I had a few Nights ago—I will repeat it verbatim. I was in a Chamber where a Pope was dying. By his Bed-side stood a very young Woman weeping. The Moment his Holiness expired, a Person standing by me, asked, where is his Infallibility gone to now? Returned from whence

it came, I replied, into the Virgin's Womb—pointing to the Girl, who was big with Child.

Now does not this sound like a wicked Story, invented, from first to last, the Circumstances laid, and the Reply contrived, for the Occasion? Yet upon my Honour I have not added the minutest Article to my Vision. I have spoken before of the unaccountable Philosophy of Dreams \*.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

## LETTER DXCIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*York.*

**W**E saw two fine Places in our Way hither—one of them is a Seat belonging to Sir William St. Quintin, in this County, that pleases me more than any of the Improvements I have yet seen in England. Most other *Fermes ornees* are too much retired from general View, which gives an Air of Melancholy to them. They appear rather like Cloyster Recesses, than hospitable De-

\* Letter CCCCII, last Paragraph but one.

mesnes.

meines. They are a Sort of Cabinet, that one must *purchase a Key* to inspect into.

But this is an *Overture* to the Public—you have it at free Cost—the common Highway passes through the Middle of it, and all its Beauties and Embellishments lie open to every Passenger. The Post-boy, the Waggoner, and the Beggar, enjoy it as well as the Owner, and his Arbours and Temples afford Shelter to the wearied or benighted Traveller. His Gardens, like Cæsar's, are bequeathed to the Public, who have every Use of them, except the Expence of keeping them in Repair.

Any other Person might imagine that I had borrowed this Description from *Yoric's Sentimental Journey*; but you know that this has always been my Way of travelling, and you'll find a good deal of this Turn of Thought in Mr. Harstonge's Tour\*.

The other Seat we saw belongs to Lord Carlisle. It is a Palace, and a princely Improvement; but having nothing *sentimental* in them, I shall not flourish away in an Architect's, a Gardener's, or a Poet's Description of the House, Demesne, or Situation. This I am bound to avoid, as I have made Harstonge say to his Correspondents, "All

\* Gordian Knot.

“ the beautiful Views I met with in my Travels you may depend upon—not in Poetry, but in Painting—for I think Landscapes fitter Subjects for the Pencil than the Pen.”

I am just called upon to pursue my Journey. We shall not pass through Cambridge, which I own I am not displeased at, as it will afford me the so much higher Satisfaction of seeing you a Day or two sooner than that would permit. Besides, I should hate to *pass through an University* so illiterately as most of our modern *fine Gentlemen* do.

My Blessing to my Children ; and believe me to be, my *dear* Fanny, I was going to say my *dearest*, but that implies a Falsehood, by supposing that any other Person could come into *Comparison* with you,

*Your fond and impatient Husband,*

HENRY.

LETTER

## L E T T E R   D C.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dunchurch.*

**W**E got to Towcester last Night—but sixty Miles. We had Delays on the Road, that prevented our making this Stage as we had purposed. The Moment I alighted, I sat down to write to you, before *Breakfast*, but was told the Post had past by an Hour before.

I eat nothing all Day, as usual, but chewed some Chips of *Jesuit's Bark*—living like a Worm on rotten Wood; or, like the Witch in the Orphan, “picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to myself.”

I am vexed that there is no Certainty yet, whether we are to go over by Par Gate, or the Head—for the Bishop says, that if this mild Weather continues, he will save us the Welch Journey. However write to me at the latter Place, by the two next Posts, as I hope your Letters may intercept me there. If not, I shall write to the Post-Master to forward them to me at Dublin.

I am going to walk away, before the Carriage, to avoid even the Appearance of Breakfast. The  
good



good Bishop sends his Blessing to you—mine to my dear Children.

*My Health, my Wealth, my Happiness,*

*Adieu !*

HENRY.

LETTER DCI.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

*My dearest* HARRY,

I RECEIVED your dear Courier from Dunchurch, and am obliged to you for continuing your Bark *Diet*—and why may it not be stiled so? I have heard the Peasants in Ireland say, that the Chewing of Tobacco is both a Support to their Spirits, and a Sustenance to the Body—and the Indians report Miracles, in the same Way, of their *Gin-seng*. Yours has the Advantage of both the others, as being a Medicine also. And if any little benign *Hama-dryad*, lurking within the *Bark*, should effect your Cure, not all the Divines in Europe could prevent me from turning Pagan, and worshipping her.

Ill and dejected as I was, I would have wrote to you before I received your Letter, if I had known where to have directed. I am now something better than when you left me, though my Stomach still continues swelled and painful.—But my true and constant Regret for your Absence, like Aaron's Rod, swallows up the lesser Ills.—I think, speak, and dream only of you.

By what amazing happy Art is it that my dearest Harry has found out the Way of braving Time! For what has Twenty Years robbed us of? Do we not still love with unabated, nay, with added Fondness? Did not your circling Arms strain me as close to your dear faithful Breast, when last we parted, as when first they held me? My corresponding Heart can truly answer, Yes. O, my sweet Love! were Competence but added to our other Blessings, we might look down on Kings.

Before this can reach you, you will have heard of the Duke of York's Death. I am really concerned for it. He was generous, affable, and good-natured. I will suppose him brave too, because that is the Character of his Family. It is not however on account of these Qualities merely that I am sorry—but I have read too much of History, to be quite easy in my Mind about these Times.

“ There

“ There is a History in all Mens Lives,  
“ Figuring the Nature of the Times deceas’d,  
“ The which observ’d, a Man may prophesy  
“ With a near Aim.”

The lower Part of our Common Weal seem to be much out of Humour with their Rulers—and if any Commotion should arise, the Duke was popular, and would have been the safest Demagogue to be placed at the Head of the People, as we might be sure that the Revolution would not operate farther than the Ministry. I lamented the Loss of the Duke of Cumberland, upon the same Principle. Am I not a deep Politician?

Mrs. B—— is out of Town still, and the Rest of our Coterie are taking Wing, so that I shall soon be left poor Bird alone—not *musical*, but *melancholy*. If I go on with my Novel in such a sad Situation, I am afraid I shall blind all my Readers Eyes, if I don’t break my own Heart first.

I hope you are now near Holyhead, and that you will have left it before this overtakes you. The Weather has made me miserable; but I trust in God that you will get safely, though not pleasantly, to Dublin, where I shall direct my next Letter.

That

That the Almighty Providence may preserve and prosper my dearest Harry, is the sincere and constant Prayer of

*His ever affectionate Invalid,*

FRANCES.

---

## LETTER DCII.

HENRY to FRANCES,

*Chester.*

WE have arrived safe hither, and upon many pro's and con's about going by Par Gate, or the Head, I have carried it for the shortest Sea, by *pleading my Belly*, and its natural Mad-dogness\*. This to me is, as Mrs. R—— says, a *great Event*; so To-morrow we are to set out, through Wales, for the Head.

I have not seen our Friends in this Town, for they are not *in this Town*. They are all at Par Gate, shivering in the Sea. My fair Cousin, I hear, is apprehended to be falling into a Dropsy. It is the Disorder of her Family.

\* Hydrophobia.

If you still hold your Purpose about letting your House for the Winter, I need not recommend it to you to have it advertised in the Manner I mentioned at parting. For by this Method no one need know any Thing of the Matter, except the Person that comes to take it—which Reserve I know will be most agreeable to your Spirit—and a proper one it is, as is all your Spirit of every Kind, my charming, delicate Woman.

My sole Possession in Life, and chief Hope in Immortality,

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

P. S. The Bishop never sees me take up a Pen, but he cries out, Pray send my Blessing.—Much good may his kind Wishes do you—for his is not *the Prayer of the Wicked*, indeed.

LETTER



## LETTER DCIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Holyhead.*

THE Journey through Wales was very pleasant to both of us. The Bishop delighted in the Wildness of the Country, for he has almost as much Romance in him as I have myself.

A very sensible, well informed, and well bred Man travels with us. He is a good Scholar, and Master, not only of all the European Languages, but the Oriental Tongues also. He was *Chargè d'Affaires* for us in Africa lately, and upon an Infraction of a Treaty by the Emperor of Morocco, he had the Spirit to charge him with a Breach of Faith and Honour, in the Midst of his Guards.

This Gentleman is now on his Way to occupy the Office of *Gentleman-Usher* at our Irish Court. I feel mortified at the very Idea. I wonder our Ministry should be so complying; for it must certainly be to satisfy the Resentment of his Mauritanian Majesty, that this Person has been condemned to so mean a Slavery. Poor Raleigh lost his Head by such another Piece of Compliance.

The Post is come in from London, without bringing a Letter from you. However, I had the Pleasure of receiving an extreme pretty one from the only Woman in the World, that ever was capable of rivalling you, Madam. So let us have no more of your *Airs*, Madam, I say again; for while she continues Kind, I shall not fear your Crossness—you are *my Wife*, but she *my Mistress*.

I inclose it to you here, in order to be deposited in my Cabinet, and to see how far you can personate the Character of a *Lady Easy*, upon such an Occasion.

There is a pretty Welch Girl singing just under my Window, with the sharpest but most melodious Pipe I ever heard. The Shrilness of the Welch Voices is owing either immediately to the elastic Spring of the Air, or remotely to the Effect which this has upon the Body. Articulation becomes acute, or obtuse, according to the lesser or greater Cavities of the Windpipe, or the Mouth. The sharp Air of hilly Countries naturally constricts the Pores, the Orifices, the Apertures of our Bodies, which renders the Pipe of a Welch Girl as *sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountain*. This I take to be the Philosophy or *Concavity* of this Matter.

To-morrow, at Four o'Clock in the Morning, the Pacquet sails, and we shall go in it. The  
Wind

Wind is not fair, but the Weather fine, and we are to fiddle it over.

Blessing to our Children! and for yourself, please to accept of all the Welch I have been able to pick up, in my Journey through this Kingdom—*Menagh ginnah whee* \*.

I am, my dearest Fanny, with all the Sincerity of this Nation, without their Hastiness,

*Your fond and faithful Husband,*

HENRY.

[The Letter mentioned in the last, was the following, which had lain in the Post-Office, upon some former Journey, and not knowing where to refer it, we give it here.]

## LETTER DCIV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I AM very sorry that my Letters seem not to give you Pleasure, for indeed yours are the only Things that afford me any. But so it has, and so I fear it ever will be, that you have always

\* I love you.

had an infinite Superiority over me in every Thing. But Love destroys Envy, and I am content to feel my Inferiority, upon every Occasion in Life.

And yet it is hard to be reproached with want of Health and Happiness, and so have our Misfortunes added to the Number of our Faults. I think you formerly used to indulge me in the Privilege of *lamenting*, provided it did not rise to a *Complaint*.

I rejoice that you have so many agreeable People about you, to keep up your Spirits; but as that is not my Case at present, you should not blame me if I am not very lively—and yet so little do we know ourselves, that I had complimented myself on the Vivacity of my late Letters, and the having carefully avoided mentioning any Thing, *in a complaining Way*, that should render you uneasy.

But you have made me ample Amends for the Rest of your Letter, by one Paragraph in it, where you inform me that your Health and Spirits mend. Thank you heartily, my dear Herald of glad Tidings—I wanted that good News.

Your Son is well, and a most comfortable Child; and I am, with the tenderest Affection,

*My dear Harry's ever faithful Wife,*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DCV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

WE had an odious Passage over, from Wednesday Morning to Thursday Night, and landed at Dunlary; but found it to be a most favourable Voyage the next Day, when another Pacquet came in, which had hoisted Sail the Monday before. A five Days Voyage, to cross a Ferry!

I was extremely ill at Landing, had not eat or drank for two Days, and went immediately to Bed; but could not lie down in Peace, till I had scrawled a Line to you, and sent off an Express to Dublin Post with it.

I came on Board with an aching Heart. An *Accident*, or *Accessory*, as Harstonge says\*, happened to occur, which affected me. I saw the Coach that brought us to the Head, driving up the Hill, returning back again into England, just as I was stepping into the Boat. This strengthened my Regret. My Heart travelled back with it—or rather, as Doctor Goldsmith says,

*My Heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee.*

\* Gordian Knot, Letter XXIII, the two last Paragraphs.



Such Incidents as these, prove the Height of my Passion for you, more strongly to myself, than whole Volumes of Praise and Profession, which deserve to be *thrown to the Cat*, in Comparison of such higher Instances.

The Moment I came to Dublin a third Pacquet happened to arrive, and I had the Pleasure of receiving a Letter from you: It was a Cordial to me after my Voyage, as the dear Billet I received from *my Mistress* at the Head, was before it. These two-fold lucky Circumstances put me in Mind of Swift's double Distichs, at the Foot of Penmanmawr,

I have seen N. D. and she is in Distress. Poor Mrs. A——, is now a Dowerless Widow, without Health to earn her Bread. Mrs. L—— took out an *Execution* to recover her Three hundred Pound Demand against Mr. M——, but has been foiled in it by prior ones. O my Life! we are in Affluence to many single, many double, nay to many Families, much larger than ours. My Fanny, tempt not Providence, by one Moment's Despair,

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I SEND you inclosed a Couple of Lottery Tickets I bought for you To-day. Let us see what Irish Luck remains in Store for us yet. Are there not Acts of Parliament against these *grafted* Lotteries? And how do they contrive to evade them? But such will be ever the case, while Laws are drawn up by *Lawyers*.

Another Difficulty objects itself to me upon this Subject. Was it a Crime in me to purchase Tickets vended against Law? Does an Act of Parliament create a Moral? If it did, it could as well annihilate one—which is absurd. The Decalogue is silent upon this Head. It points out but two Duties. The first to God, and the second to our Neighbour. *I am weary of Conjecture.*

I have just received your kind Letter directed to Holyhead \*, which was wrote before the one I got last Pacquet. What Irregularity is here? Yes, my Life, we both of us do love with still encreasing Fondness. We express it so; and what you

\* Letter DCI.

or I express, we most certainly feel. We are neither of us Professors.

I thank you for your Hamadryad Idea, though it is not a favourable one. What Return is a Person to expect who *strips another to the Skin*? Julius said only, *We have consumed our Tables*; but I am *swallowing Houses*—and it is surely most ungracious Hospitality, to eat Folks out of *House and Home*. I devour the Domicilia, the Delubra, the Habitations, the Temples, of these poor *Hide-bound* Deities, and may be compared to the very Dragon of Wantley himself, of whom it is said that

*Houses and Churches  
To him were Geese and Turkies.*

I thank you for your Inclosure. The Account given in it of the Duke of York's Death (I mean his Behaviour upon that Occasion) affected me. Yes, as you say, the Brunswick Family are all naturally brave. I like your Politics extremely well. It is a Sort of Scotch Artifice—Fathers and Sons take different Sides, and Lands and Tenements commit no Treason. Heaven avert such *Hudibrastic* Days!

“ When fighting for or 'gainst the King,  
“ Was held to be the self-same Thing.”

Our

Our Parliament don't sit till the Twentieth Instant, and we can't proceed to Election till the *Writ* has been moved for.

Blessing to our dear Children, and

*Adieu, my dearest Life, Adieu!*

HENRY.

LETTER DCVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dear FANNY,*

*Clontarf.*

I RECEIVED a Letter from you here, this Morning. I cannot say much about the Pleasure of it; for you speak in so low spirited a Way, that you affect me too much—you hurt yourself by it too, more than you are aware.

I heard from ——— lately, in the same Strain as usual—grasping at all they can get, and drawing Bills of Exchange upon Providence, in our Favour, for Ten-fold the Sums. I hate Cant—but it is the *small Craft* of old Age:

I have seen our Friend's Attorney. He tells me that his Affairs are in a most embarrassed Situation.

ation. He mentioned some Particulars which have alarmed me. My Heart trembles for People who deserve to be loved so well. I grieve for the Pain that this Account must give you. I would not send it to you, but to shew you that Distress is not so peculiar an Evil as you seem to think it. Do not speak of this Matter to Harry—it would render him miserable.

To think justly of the Disappointments or Misfortunes of Life, you must say, with the inspired Shakespear,

Sweet are the Uses of Adversity,  
Which, like the Toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a *precious Jewel* in its Head.

Or take an Hint from Waller,

As the bright Stars and milky Way,  
Shew'd by the Night, are hid by Day;  
So we in an accomplish'd Mind,  
Help'd *by the Night*, new Graces find:  
Which by the Splendor of her View,  
Dazzled before, we never knew.

Every Body here are got into all the Trappings of Woe; but as I am no Man of *outward Shew*, I shall content myself with the fable Edges of this Paper, for the present, which neither is any Part  
of



of my Foppery, but I can get no other in this loyal House.

I am sorry I did not bring my *Yorkshire* Grey Frock with me from London; and indeed a Person so nearly allied to all the Royal Families of Europe, should never travel without one. Our Lord Lieutenant is not yet arrived. I suppose he is waiting to make up his Mourning.

This whole Family—I should rather stile them *Families*—speak of you, with Kindness and Esteem. They send their affectionate Compliments to you, and I must send this Letter to the Post immediately, as the Messenger is going off upon other Business.

Adieu, *ma Chere*, and be of good *Cheer*—I wish I could even pun you into Spirits.

*Your ever affectionate*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I RECEIVED *the Pleasure* of a Letter from you, by this Pacquet. Your Expression during the present Difficulty and Suspence, charms me. This Letter is a perfect Cordial to the last. I never despond, and wonder how you *dare do so*.

I send you a Bill at the shortest Sight I could get, because you are a good Child now—to which I shall add, that my poor Stomach is much better, and has continued so ever since I landed.

Mrs. D—— was rallying me just now. She asked me how I dared venture to leave you so often, and so long, in such a Place as London, alone? I told her that I could not possibly fear any Thing for you, except you should fall violently in love with some *Beaux Esprit* or other; and that a Woman has but one Heart and one Virginity to lose. *Mare is the pity*, replied she, with Vivacity.

You cannot imagine what a Spirit of Inoculation has obtained in this Kingdom of late, on the Encouragement of the Suttonian Method. The Success has justified the Process. I wanted  
our

our Friend Mrs. L—— to undergo it, but there is no reasoning Cowards out of their Fears. One would fancy that some People are fond of them, by chusing to live constantly under a Dread; and she is one of those poor spirited Animals, that would rather die twenty Times, than once.

I confess that I was formerly much staggered about the Ways of Providence, with regard to this very *natural* Disorder. I thought it appeared unaccountable, why a Crisis, which, from its Universality, ought to have been but a salutary Discharge of certain abounding Humours in the original Frame of Man, should be attended with such frequent Dangers.

But I have the philosophic Satisfaction now to find that all the Hazard attending this Disorder, has ever arisen from the Ignorance of Parents and Physicians alone. And Mr. Sutton has, at length, in this great and material Instance, sufficiently *justified the Ways of God to Man.*

Remember your kind Promise to me, at the End of your last Letter—that you will be good and well, before the next Post.

*Amen, my dearest Life, and Adieu!*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCIX.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.*Dublin.*

**A**S we had once such extreme good Luck at Belfast—for which I must ever bear the most grateful Sense toward his Grace the Duke of Bedford, I could not resist the Temptation of purchasing the inclosed Ticket, in a Lottery calculated for the Benefit of that Town—especially when I saw that it was signed by *Hope*—Success attend you with it!

I have this Minute received a Letter from you, with an alarming Account of your Health—God preserve my dearest Fanny! I shall be wretched till the next Pacquet arrives. Keep up your Spirits, my most amiable Woman—I fear you suffer them to sink too low. I would to God I was with you. Is not Separation enough? Need Anxiety be added to it? Let *Hope* be the Word, and Success will ensue—Amen! you'll soon make as great a Preacher and Prayer of me as yourself.

I am rendered unhappy here too—my truly amiable Friend H. F. has been ill these three Days—He has been attended by Physicians. A Fever and an Inflammation was apprehended. Doctor

Lucas

Lucas has pronounced him out of Danger this Morning—but he is to be confined to his Chamber for some Time yet—which will be an additional Mortification, as the Session was opened this very Day.

His Excellency recommended in his Speech, a Bill to be framed for rendering our Judges Stations Offices *during good Behaviour*. This is a very popular Proposition, as it will render them independent of Court Influence; and possibly they may soon become as arrant Patriots, *as the Bench of Bishops*.

I *spend* my Time, or rather *pass* it, in the Company and Manner I like best, while separated from my sole Society. Adieu, my only Love, my only Passion or Ambition.

*Farewel!*

HENRY.

LETTER



## L E T T E R DCX.—

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

**T**HOUGH I was bad this Morning, and hold a Pen with Pain, I cannot postpone my Thanks to my dear Harry, for his two kind and comfortable Letters I received from him Yesterday, though there is a small Spice of scolding in one of them.

But indeed I have been very ill; and every Man, Woman, Child, Horse, Cow, Dog, or Cat, is low spirited at such Times, except yourself, I got a violent Cold the Night of the Fire, which brought back my Fever, with the Addition of a Cough and universal Spasms, yet was I wretch enough to go see *The New Rehearsal*, on Saturday Night last; and by that Act of Madness and Folly have doubled all my Complaints.

But I hope the worst is over now, and I promise you to be more careful, for the future—provided you don't chide me for this. There is a good deal of Merit in that new Piece; but the Wit and Humour of it are entirely temporary and local. “Let Posterity shift for itself,” should be the Motto of most modern Performances.

I have

I have received the Bill and Ticket, and thank you for them—may all your *Hopes* be accomplished! But I am actually uneasy to know how you contrive to live in Ireland without Money; for you always send me more of it than I can reasonably account for. But that Nation was ever famed for Hospitality.

I am extremely concerned to hear of your Friend's Illness. If a Person so remarkably temperate and regular cannot parry Fevers, why should you always conclude, whenever you hear of my Illness, *the Stars to be less in Fault than me*? I am glad to hear that Doctor Lucas attends him. Don't suffer a *State Physician* to come near him, if you regard either your Friend or your Country.

I received a Letter last Mail from St. Omer's, and our dear P—— sends her affectionate Compliments to you. Indeed I feel her Loss severely—I behaved shamefully on our Parting—were I sure her Gains would answer, I should be fully made Amends. Will you come and see her next Spring, and leave Fançhon with her to perfect her Accent?

Your saying that you spend your Time agreeably gives me sincere Pleasure for the present, though it makes me tremble for the future. How will my dearest Harry, even with all his Partiality and Philosophy about him, be able to conform  
his

his Taste to a plain Board, and an Housewife's Chat, after such Feastings and Symposiacks, among the Beaux Esprits and Literati of the Age?

I suppose our dear Chaplain, as well intitled, is among your Sets. I wrote to him, this Morning, before I was bled, but had not finished my Letter when Spooner came, and immediately quitted it. I hate Reprieves while Execution is depending. I know not whether I shall be able to make an End of it, as my Arm is growing painful.

But my Fever has abated, and my breathing becomes much freer—so do not, my Life, make yourself any more unhappy about me, for I trust in God that I shall soon be well. I have had amazing Health, for above three Years past, and ought thankfully to compound for a few Weeks Illness now. What have you, the dearest Part of me, suffered in that Time, and longer!

Adieu, my Health, my Happiness, my Life!

*Farewel!*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DCXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

**I** SEND you two English Tickets, that I have compassed Money to purchase, which please to present, with my Blessing, to Harry and Fanchon. It is bribing of Providence to prostrate such pure and innocent Devotees before its Shrine. I have done buying Chances now, for Life—I think I have played too deep already; and if such untainted Suppliants should fail, what hope can we repose in, whose utmost Exertions of Philosophy must fall short of that natural Spring of Benevolence, Humanity, and Charity, which flows spontaneously from their unhardened Hearts?

What a shocking Scene must you have passed through on the Night of such a near, but unneighbourly Fire! I admire your Heroism upon that Occasion, and am not less pleased with your want of it on parting with our amiable Friend Mrs. P——. Thank God, all these Things, though one might fear it, have not prevented your recruiting your Health and Spirits; and Thanks to my very worthy Friend Doctor Quin, I think that I  
have



have received Benefit also from his Prescriptions. I have had only Hints, not Agonies, ever since I have submitted myself to his Regiment.

The Writ for C—— was moved for Yesterday; and To-morrow I set out with my Friend, who is not well recovered yet, for the Country. I hope the Air may do him good, though the Exercise will probably not agree with me.

I dined with our Set To-day, and drank Claret to try my Disorder—I ask Pardon, I will never do so again. Adieu, my best Esculapius—Amer.—so much for Prayer, and now for Bed.

HENRY.

## LETTER DCXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Dear FANNY,

*Farmley.*

THE Winds have been against the Pacquets, and I have received no Letter from you since I left Town—So what shall I say to you? There is not the least Anecdote in this Country to supply me with a single Paragraph—every Thing and Person remaining just in the same Situation



as when you knew it. Characters preserve still their Consistency—the good are not impaired, nor the bad improved.

I have met with some more of the latter *Series* in this Country than I had corrected before, and have employed, not amused myself, in *Comma Hunting*, as you call it, these two Days. Our next Works will probably supply me with more Trouble of the same Kind; and thus shall I go on for Life—perhaps make a *Period* and a *Comma* at the same Instant.

I find myself however, thank God, in reasonable good Health at present, and have Hopes that my Disorder is dying away, and not myself—for its Returns are seldomer and weaker, for some Time past.

*Adieu, my best of Life!*

HENRY.

P. S. We have received Proposals here for an Accommodation—but at second Hand only. *Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus*—"We treat with none but Principals."

LETTER

## LETTER DCXIII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.*Dear* HARRY,

THE Winds have been equally averse on your Side the Water; for I did not receive your Letter of the 22d, till it brought me one of the 25th. This is frequently the Case. Your Letters are perfectly polite—they seem to wait for one another. I am obliged to your last, for acquainting me that you had left Town. Your Election, I suppose, will be soon over, and so will you, I hope.

I disposed of your Tickets as you appointed, and in five Minutes Harry's Twenty thousand was disposed of, without keeping One Shilling, except the Price of a Horse, for himself. He has a Way of *bribing Providence* too. Fançon has not portioned out her Prize yet. Her Arithmetic is not so nimble as her Brother's, or she may have more Discretion—which is the safest Character for a Female.

I have just read a new Thing of Voltaire's, called *L'Ingenu*—I wish I could convey it to you. There is that Kind of Wit, Ridicule, and Satire in it, that distinguishes his Writings; but these  
powerful

powerful Weapons are here, as in most of his other Works, pointed all against the Modes, Forms, and Ceremonies of our Religion; and though the Demolition of the Outworks will not lessen its Strength, in those Hearts where a due Reverence for the Creator, and an universal Benevolence to all his Creatures, form the true Essence of it, yet the Thoughtless and Ignorant, dazzled by the Blaze of his Wit, as by an *ignis fatuus*, may wander misled out of the beaten Path, so as intirely to lose their Way.

The Bill you sent me is paid, and *paid away* also, without laying out a Shilling in Necessaries, or *Unnecessaries*, for myself. I hardly stop the common Agent Fees out of the Money that passes through my Hands.

But no matter—it is enough that I hear you are well. Thank you, my dear Correspondent, for sending me such good News, and thank you, good Postman, for bringing it. I am doing what I can to keep Pace with you, and am drinking up all your Scarborough Water, by Mr. Hawkins's Advice.

*Yours, all yours, and only yours,*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DCXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

B—.

OUR Election is fixed for this Day Se'en-night, and I hope to carry you over the first Account of it myself—I know how it will be before hand. There will be *Two and Two* returned—but yet these shall not make *Four*, in spite of the Axiom.

I came over here to see our Friends, who are still in the same Place I left them. They are both perfectly well—Questions innumerable—Thanks for your Present—Apologies for not writing, nay Reasons too so strong as to occasion two Letters from ———, to remain still unanswered—which presses even more than yours; for you can forgive, Kitty says, but the other not.

I have not seen my Brother or Sister yet. They are at their Mountain Farm. They have inoculated their Children, *à la Sutton*, and with the general Success. I shall have the Pleasure of meeting him at the Election soon; for he is one of the Freemen in *Buckram* that was made by the adverse Party, some Time ago. This is one of the

*pious*

*pious Frauds of Patriotism. What Shifts Men make to serve their Country!*

I forgot to tell you that I sent you over some Cash, just as I was leaving Town, by Cousin R——, who goes to London to prosecute an Appeal. You know what a great Matter lies at Stake.

I send you inclosed some Papers for your Amusement. I think the Lady's Letters describing the Lake of Kilarney, have too much of the Poetess in them. Your dropping Tears once at the Augustness of that Scene, had more Description in it, than all the Flourishes of these two Epistles.

I have the Pleasure to inform you, that Mr. H—— has left a Legacy of Five hundred Pounds to Mrs. B——, but this I suppose Mr. S—— has already acquainted her of; for it was he who informed me of it, before I left Town.

I could tell you some other Articles of News that I have just heard, but I would keep some Gob till Meeting. I am impatient to have the Election over, that I may commence my Journey, my *Jubilee* say rather, back again to you.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.



## LETTER DCXV.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

**N**O Letter from my dear Harry since Monday—cruel Winds ! Yet I will hope and believe that I shall have the Pleasure of hearing you are well by next Post.

Cousin R——— breakfasted with me Yesterday, and gave me the Money you sent by him. Thank you, my dear Treasurer, and dearest Treasure. He seems to be a very lively agreeable Man. How came I not to be acquainted with him in Ireland ? My Spirits were low ; I had had but a bad Night of it. I hope I shall be more cheerful when I see him again, which he has promised.

Poor Mrs. H——— is brought to Bed of a Son. The Queen had some way heard of her Distress, and has sent her Twenty Guineas. This is purchasing Loyalty, *à bon Marché* ; for fifty Subjects, who have no concern in this Matter, will grow loyal as they listen to such a Story. I have often refused the Pageantry of Queenship, but as the old Lady says, in Henry VIII. *A Three Pence bow'd would hire me, old as I am, to Queen it, to do such Acts as these.*

Royalty

Royalty is called upon to exert its princely Faculties, now a Days. Superstitious Attachments are wearing out apace; and Honour, Respect, and Fealty must be personally earned—they are not hereditary Descendencies. It is not Duty that preserves such uncommon Concord between you and me. Is there scarce a Day that we do not *re-marry* each other over again? It is this that makes our Lives one constant *Honey-moon*.

I have spent a very pleasant Evening in reading to, and conversing with my Children. They are just now retired to Rest; but as this is rather too early an Hour for that coy Dame, Sleep, to visit me, I purpose chatting away some Part of that Interval, which I am to spend in Expectation of her coming, in silent, and distant Converse with my dearest Harry.

But were I to scribble on till the usual Hour of her Meeting and mine, I might fill this and many more *Sheets*, before I go into *mine*; for I have seldom closed my Eyes since last they looked on you, before Five or Six in the Morning. However, I *take to my Bed* every Night at Twelve.

“ I lie in watch there, and I think on thee.”

If I could envy you any Blessing in Life, it would be your being able to sleep at any Time—

even in Grief and Pain. No Creature can imagine the Misery of a restless Bed, who has not tried it. But I shall certainly put you to sleep, with descanting on my own Loss of Rest.

I shall look over my Tragedy To-morrow. The Recency of the Story has been made an Objection to it—though I really cannot see why; therefore I shall finish it, though without expecting to succeed. I will next proceed upon my Novel, though with as little Hope. But I will follow your Example, and do every Thing, likely or unlikely, to serve my Family; and if all my Efforts fail, I must e'en let Posterity shift for itself, and turn Shepherdess with Lady Wishfort. There is a kind of Pleasure even in unsuccessful Efforts made towards Duty.

I never was designed for an Author, and feel no Pride in Fame—therefore nought but Profit ever shapes my Quill. I have none of that charming, flattering Enthusiasm about me, that should support one's Spirits when their Works are left to the Mercy of the Public. On the contrary, I shrink into nothing on such Occasions, and the Woman feels at the Mortification that the Writer fears.

This may proceed possibly from one of two Causes. I am either too nice a Critic to be satisfied with my own Works, or else too proud to  
bear

bear any other Person's Censure. Perhaps there may be a Mixture of Humility and Pride both in my Nature, which Kind of Composition makes a good pretty painful Sensation, let me tell you.

Your Account of our dear Friend's Situation, in a late Letter, is far, very far, from alleviating my present Anxiety. Both Swift and Rochefaucault lied, when they said, that "We find some  
" Consolation in the Adversity of even our best  
" Friends."

If I were doomed to be wretched all my Life, I am confident it would render me less so, to think that all the Rest of the World was happy. You have expressed this Sentiment better yourself, somewhere\*. But why should you not, you great, big, strong Man, you?

The Argument these Satirists go upon in this Maxim, must be the Envy which they suppose all Mankind to be subject to. But surely this *Dis-temper* is not epidemical—Envy is not a *Passion*, but a *Vice*, of human Nature. It is a diabolical Jealousy—it must have been originally generated in the *Pændemonium*, and never can find Place in any Breast that has not already received a Legion of other Devils.

Here's your Health, my Love, in Hock, Spaw, and Capilaire. You will say I am extravagant in

\* Vol. IV. p. 276, Paragraph 3.



my Beverage, because the Noise that the little rumbling Puddle which lies between us makes, hinders you from hearing me cough. But if that was still, and the Wind set fair, you would be glad to stop my Mouth with *Tokay*, to save your Ears, and make me take it in a lower *Key*. That is an execrable Pun—but so much the better. It is the Perfection of bad Things, to be abominable.

Seriously, I am shook almost to Pieces—but I have earned what I have got, and have therefore no Right, though I have Cause enough, to complain. But do not chide me, for I am very low. Good Night; a thousand Times good Night—I hope I shall be better when I bid you good Morrow.

I am certain that you must be wearied with my Prattle, for even I feel myself tired of saying nothing—which is a very unfeminine Sort of Sensation, and lest I should become more *eunuyé et ennuyant*, I will take my Leave; and wishing you all Kinds, Sorts, and Degrees of Happiness that this poor ill-stored World can bestow,

*I remain most affectionately yours,*

FRANCES.

P S.



P. S. This Letter was too late for the Post last Night, and I have the Pleasure to inform you that I find myself much better this Morning.

---

## L E T T E R DCXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

**T**HE Election is over, just in the Manner I prophesied—we are returned to Town, and I had the Pleasure of receiving three charming Letters from you\*, last Pacquet, the last of which was wrote after your Children were sent to Bed. It was longer than usual, indeed, but every Paragraph shortened it, except where you mention your Illness—and to be even with you, now I'll speak of mine.

It has, in general, been much easier since I came last to Ireland, than for any Time these three Years past. But I had one Fit lately, which lasted for twenty-four Hours. I felt like one possessed, and in the good old Pagan Days might have passed for one inspired. If the Devil had not

\* Letters DCX, DCXIII, and DCXV.

been *Tongue-tied*, Anno Domini—I forget when these Miracles ceased—I think that my Convulsions would have at length,

“Burst forth all Oracle, and mystic Song.”

It is Half a Cure, they say, to know the Disorder; and I am convinced now, that mine arises entirely from *Wind* alone—at least so the *Rumour* goes.

I am charmed with your Activity about the Tragedy, which even your Despair of its Success cannot abate. I am charmed with the same Spirit about your Novel. In fine, I am charmed with you every Way. I have now a Certainty of what I long suspected, that it was not in the Power of any Thing to add to the Love and Esteem I had before conceived for you. You have done, both now and always, every Thing in the Power of Wit and Industry. Providence has seconded you in every Undertaking, and will do more still, as you more deserve.

In Life, as on a Journey, one should ever have something still in Prospect before us—not like a Traveller sitting back in a Carriage, who views and regrets the Landscape when 'tis past.

I am pleased with a Sentiment of yours, which you say is similar to one of mine. I am very certain

tain that you did not recollect the latter till after you had wrote your own ; for I know your Sturdiness to be such, that you would sooner forego, even a Moral, than appear to have borrowed it.

I shall take this Occasion of mentioning a Compliment paid me by Sterne. Upon looking through my Manuscripts lately at Scarborough, he collated some Passages out of his Writings and mine which agreed in the same Sentiments, though differently expressed. This, said he, is not extraordinary, where Persons are apt to copy out of the same Original, namely, the humane and feeling Heart.

I am rejoiced that I received all your Letters together ; because though the first of them says you had been ill, the latter flatters me that you are out of all Danger ; but I am glad that you seem not to be out of Fear—as it may induce you to be the more careful of your Health, and my Happiness.

You say how shall I relish you after the Beaux Esprits I converse with. *Sarcastical humility!* as our Friend said to you once upon the same Occasion. I have, indeed, met with some few more lively Companions, both in Manner, Spirit, and Character—but they were agreeable only to a certain Point ; all the Rest was but mere Rotation.

They might be compared to Music, pleasing at first, but continued beyond a limited Time, the Sweetness of the Notes were lost in the Noise of the Instrument. The Converse of my dear Fanny resembles Painting, where new Excellencies strike us at each Review; or rather like Poetry, which not only affords Delight at first, but yields still further Pleasures to Reflection.

Your Letters are now at an End, and so must mine be, for that Reason. I own, that it is not fair to answer three of yours in one of mine; for you certainly have a Right to *how d'ye do, and how d'ye do, and how d'ye do again*. But I was impatient to clear off my Arrear, and must make you Amends at *some other Time*.

I am hard at Work with my Novel—mostly copying—and amuse the Intervals with reading Sully's Memoirs. There never was, surely, a Man who earned or deserved Empire so much as Henry the Fourth of France.

The Dilatoriness of my Attorney will keep me here a few Days longer than I expected. I need not say that I shall not stay an Hour, I mean *a Week*, after I find myself at Liberty to sail. The Likelihood is rather that I may set off before, than stay after, my Business is done.

The Account you give of Harry's Turn of *Castle building* charms me—I doubt it not. He  
has



has a Soul and a Spirit too. I doubt Fançhon as little in both these Characters; and am not displeased at her Silence upon the Occasion you mention. It would have appeared to be but borrowing a Sentiment, to have expressed her own, after her Brother had done so. How perfectly like yourself this *Trait* is.

A Thought has just occurred to me. If I had more Children, where should I be able to find Love for them? These are in Possession of my whole Fondness. Would Providence supply a new Quota of Affection in my Heart, as it does of Milk to the Mother's Breast? Or must my Fund be portioned out among them like their Fortunes? I declare if I thought the latter, I would not desire to have another Child to rob them of their Birth-right. But methinks I ought to have Reason to be satisfied with my present Possession, having already as much Stock as Providence itself began the World with.

Take care of your Health, and trifle no longer with my sole Happiness in Life—your own. For believe me that no Woman ever had such an Husband—nay, no Mistress ever had such a Lover, I mean not to report my own Excellence, but barely to report yours.

*Adieu, my dearest Life, yours eternally,*

HENRY.



## LETTER DCXVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**H**AD ever Woman such Food for Vanity, Madam Frances, as this Letter affords! Well may my Love say, that *never Woman had such a Husband*; and blessed be the Day that made him mine! O what a Joy, a Triumph, to think that thrice seven Years have rolled since first we loved, and every circling Year increased our Fondness!

Indeed, my Harry, I fear I shall grow too vain upon the generous Hint you have given in your last Paragraph, that there must be some Degree of Merit to form such an Attachment. But be assured that this flattering Expression raises my Gratitude more than Vanity; for if, indeed, I am possessed of any such Merits, do I not owe them all to you? You reared and cherished the puny, sickly Plants, with the warm Breath of cordial Love, and blazoned them to the World with the bright Beams of generous, manly Praise. They would have withered all, and shrunk beneath the Blast of cold Neglect. Unkindness, like the Bear Star, would have chilled their Juices, and ranked them with the common Weeds of Nature!

Beneath

Beneath your fostering Hand then let them bloom, and long pour forth their grateful Incense toward you; and when it shall please Heaven to withdraw thy chearing Influence from them, then, like the faithful *Heliotrope*, let them shrink up, nor bide the Day when their bright Sun's withdrawn: So may our mutual Wishes be accomplished, and neither live to mourn the other's Loss. Amen! Amen! my more than Life, my Love!

I have wound myself up to an Enthusiasm here; but the Heart, when affected, will speak its own Language. A warm Heart is more eloquent than a warm Fancy, and one Sentence dictated by that is, in my Mind, worth all Cicero's Orations; who, by-the-bye, I believe rather wrote and spoke the Sentiments of Pompey the *Dictator*, than his own.

Oh, my dear Harry! my Heart feels real Anguish for poor Mrs. F——d. Her Husband is given over in a Fever; she has five Infants, the youngest not a Month old; he has no Fortune but his Profession. Her Husband doated on her. They were an happy Couple, last Week! I cannot write more. Gracious God look down upon her Affliction, and relieve her Distress!

I must

I must and will be a Queen—my Pride is *bumbled*, and my Heart is set on it, when I hear such melancholy Tales as this.

*Adieu, my Harry!*

FRANCES.

P. S. Mrs. B—— has received no Account from Mr. S——, about her Legacy.

# LETTER DCXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

THE Winds are adverse, and I have not received any Letters from you this Week past. Had I the Winds in a Bag, I should become an *Ulysses*, in the highest Sense of the Allusion; for as the true End of Wisdom is to render us happy, I should then receive more frequent Advices from my *Penelope*.

Pray send our *Telemachus* with the inclosed Letter. It is to perform an Act of good Nature and Humanity from Cousin H — of Clontarf,

to

to an old Servant of hers, who has been obliged to abscond, for the Debts and Extravagance of his Wife. Let Harry but just leave the Letter, without saying any Thing which may refer the Fellow to us. The Stomach and Assurance of an Irishman, is more than we can well digest at present.

I have been shamed into a *Suit of Loyalty* at last, and now cease to be the finest Man in Dublin, which I have been for some Time past. I am obliged to appear in the World, while my Business detains me here, and methought that coloured Cloaths, surrounded by Sables, looked too much like either of two Things I hate, Singularity or Poverty.

My Attorney is extremely dilatory. The Term is half over, and the Briefs are not yet prepared for a Motion. He vows this shall be done in a Week at farthest. I hope so; but there is nothing certain in this Life, except my Fanny's Love, and the Sincerity and Philosophy of

*Her fond and faithful Husband,*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I RECEIVED your too kind Letter, and thank you for your sublime Compliment; but the Account you send me about poor Mrs. F——d, and her Family, has sunk my Spirits too much to answer them. I join your Prayer most fervently.

I am surprized that Mr. S—— has not communicated so agreeable a Piece of Intelligence as the Legacy, to his Sister. But this is Indolence, not want of Affection in him. They lose the greatest of all *Pleasures*, who neglect an Opportunity of communicating *them*.

Now I think of it, pray return me all the Irish Tickets I sent you. They can be of no Use but here, where the Lottery is to be discharged. I sent them over to you without Reflection, from the mere natural Impulse I feel constantly in myself, to give you every Thing.

The Election for this City has been carrying on these Ten Days, and it is computed that it will hold on for a Fortnight longer. The Expences of each Candidate are calculated at Ten thousand.



thousand Pounds apiece; and the Damage to the City, in Idleness, Drunkenness, and Interruption of all Trades and Manufactures, above Twenty thousand. Are not these shocking Things! and to be repeated every Eight Years!

Blessing to my Children! Health, Peace, and Competence to my dearest Fanny!

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

---

## LETTER DCXX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I DID not receive any Letter from my dear Harry these two Pacquets, and there has not happened any one Occurrence, since I wrote last, worth acquainting him with. My Eyes are almost blind, yet am I impelled by a Kind of involuntary *voluntary* Motion, to take up the Pen and prattle to him, though I have nothing to say. But I have ever remarked that this is the Case with those who talk most.

There never were such Fogs as we have had lately in this City. I think we have more of  
them

them here, in general, than ever I remember in Ireland; though Bogs and Fogs might naturally be supposed to go together. The People cannot see their Way along the Streets, even at Noon.

Every Person here has got a Cold, except myself, who am surprizingly well every way, but with regard to my Eyes—they distress me vastly. You know how miserable I must be, when I can neither read or write, neither of which I can do at present, without Pain, Difficulty, and Danger. I get my Son to read Sampson Agonistes to me. I chuse him for this Purpose rather than you, because he makes me laugh, and you would make me cry.

Adieu, my Life—I cannot write more, without suffering more than any Thing I have to say would pay you for. Yes—I can tell you that Mr. F——d is out of Danger.

*Yours, and only yours,*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DCXXI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*My dear HARRY,*

**I** DON'T write to you because my Eyes are well, but because our dear Harry has met with an ugly Accident to one of his. He was fencing with a School-fellow this Morning, and his right Eye was hurt with a Foil. It is an alarming Thing, but the Surgeon says that the Sight is safe yet. My Eyes have felt too strong a Sympathy.

In the Paper you inclosed me last Post, with an Account of what Money you remitted me, you forgot to enter down the Cash you sent me by Cousin R——. It is not every Agent who would set such an Article right.

A Farce of Mr. Colman's has just come out. There was a Disturbance the first Night, on account of some Sharpers that were introduced as Irishmen. This some of our Hibernians resented; but as Moody says of Sir Francis—*They cannot hand it.*

Mrs. —— is ill, and in Difficulties, so is Mrs. —— and Mr. ——; you guess their Situations. Are we never to know any Thing  
but

but Distress, either in ourselves, or among our Friends! Such Reflections do not make good *Eye-water*.

*So Farewel.*

FRANCES.

L E T T E R DCXXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dear* BLINKARD,

*Dublin.*

THE Account you give me of your Eyes renders me extremely unhappy, because it is no new Complaint. I insist upon your sending instantly for *Gataker*, both for yourself and Son. The Sight is as tender as a Woman's Fame, and should not be tampered with.

I excuse Harry's youthful Chivalry, but bid him beware of such an Indiscretion again. He has been *playing loose*, as it is stiled in Fencing, which is a very dangerous Thing, before the Pupils become a little expert at the Foils. Here I could treat you with a Greek Pun, turning upon

upon the Word *Pupil*, which signifies both a Scholar, and the Apple of the Eye. But I am not in a Story telling Humour at present, and you may find it somewhere in Plutarch, if you think it worth while to *hunt for the Needle*.

You charge me with having forgot an Article in the Schedule of Account I sent you. If you had been polite, you would have changed your Phrase to *omitted*. But as there is no changing the Verb now, let me defend myself upon the former Expression, by this Parody,

“ That to *forget* what we bestow,  
“ Bespeaks a noble Mind.”

Our House of Commons is all alive this Session. G. B. has distinguished himself remarkably, even in his first Speech. This has afforded me a peculiar Kind of Satisfaction, as he is one of my *prophetical Vouchers*. But he is not the only one. I have many more, among his Contemporaries, to justify my *Gift*. For many Years ago, I foretold what he would, and what they would not, be. *Probatum est*.

Yesterday the Septennial Bill came on, as of Course, and the Question, as usual, carried by a great Majority. Mr. M—— spoke against it for a considerable Time, and was extremely well attended to—even the Unpopularity of his Argument



ment did not prevent his receiving due Applause from the whole House, both above and below Stairs.

Mr. H——, a few Days ago, attacked Mr. F——, in the Course of a Debate. He was very eloquent, very severe, and dwelt long upon the Subject. Mr. F—— made a short extempore Reply, which gained him Applause. But he did not rest satisfied with merely *parrying*, and the next Day drew upon him again; and his Reply had all the Edge in it that Wit, sharpened by Resentment, could carry.

I happened not to be in the House on either of the Days, and of those who were, some have commended one Speech, and some the other, just as they happen to take Part with the Court or Country. But what must considerably abate the Merit of one, and raise that of the other, is, that the Defendant had no Time to prepare for his Answer; and that *your constant and daily Orator*, it is said, has been *filing* his *Bill*, in the three first Senses of Johnson's Dictionary \*, during the whole *Vacation* of the Sessions, almost as much Time as *Æschines* took against *Demosthenes*.

\* To FILE.

1. To string upon a Thread or Wire.
2. To cut or polish.
3. To foul; to sully; to pollute.

Let the next Letter be from Fançhon; for I would not have either Dick or you attempt to read or write, till your Eyes become responsible for such Undertakings.

*Adieu !*

HENRY.

---

L E T T E R DCXXIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**T**HOUGH I am forbidden the Use of Pen and Ink, on account of my Eyes, I cannot restrain myself from the Pleasure of writing to you. I received two Letters from you Yesterday. You certainly do not receive Half of those I write; for you speak of my former Scheme of going to Bath, and kindly concur in a Thing that I had given over all Thoughts of several Posts ago.

You will see Part of my Reason, by the inclosed Account of Receipts and Disbursements, which leave not a sufficient Balance in my Hands to answer the Expences of such a Jaunt. But were I as rich as Crœsus, you may be certain that I should

should not think of quitting *Hyde-street* for *Verfailles*, while there was the least Prospect of your returning to the former, in the Hope of which your Letters seem to flatter me. Though you make me sad, by wishing me a *merry Christmas*, in one of your last Letters, as that seems to imply that you do not mean to spend it with me; for there could not be a Doubt of my being both merry and happy, if you did.

While the Expediency of your Affairs detains you from me, it is a Satisfaction to me to know that you must pass your Time very pleasantly among the Set you are connected with. I sympathize with all your Joys—nay, possibly I may feel them more sensibly than yourself; for, as Young says,

“ Delight intense is taken by rebound,

“ Reverberated Pleasures fire the Breast.”

And as my own Henry says, somewhere, “ The  
“ Sun-beams owe their Heat to Reflection”—  
long may he continue to reflect the Happiness he  
feels, on

*His ever affectionate Wife,*

FRANCES.

P. S. Your Son's Eye is out of all Danger, and  
he promises to be more careful for the future.

## LETTER DCXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I AM extremely uneasy about the Complaint you still make, with regard to your Eyes. I am sure that you were full as weak as they were, yourself, to trouble them with the long Account of Disbursements, &c. you sent me. At any Time, you know, I have ever been displeased at your making up an idle Account with me; but at present it was unpardonable. You are my Treasure, not my Steward.

I do believe that I do not get your Letters in their regular Course; but this I can only guess at from the Subjects of them, as yours are only dated by Days of the Week. It is probable that mine go as irregularly to you; for our Correspondence often falls foul of one another. This may be owing to the Carelessness of the Friends who are so kind to frank for us both, and may be diverted by different Avocations, from attending to this Matter, for several Posts together, and then set their Names to four or five at once.

I did concur in your Scheme of going to Bath, after you had declined the Purpose; but this was

because I was not certain whether I had sufficiently accorded with your first Hint of this Matter—I mean, whether my Expressions had fully declared the Concordance of my Mind upon that Occasion. Some slight Reply of mine, or simple Acquiescence in your Proposition only, which surely I must have deemed sufficient, I feared might have been the Reason of your laying aside your Design.

Upon this Idea I did press you to pursue your first Intendment, though I knew well, before your Schedule appeared, how low the State of your Finances stood. But I could and would have supplied *the Whip and Spur* for your Journey, whenever your Health or your Pleasure required it, as they so reciprocally support each other, that I look upon them to be almost synonymous Terms. There are two Things that my dear Fanny has never wanted in her Life—she never wanted Money, *nor the Fear of doing so.*

It is impossible for me to name the Day I shall be able to set out, for it depends upon Contingencies, which lie in the Hands of my Attorney, who is the most *hurrying dilatory* Man I ever met with. One would be almost provoked to call him, as Mr. B—— blundered out the other Day, when he was scolding his Servant for some Delay, “Thou art the most *delirious* Fellow.” This  
would



would make a good Figure enough among the *Slip-slips* that are introduced frequently in modern Plays.

I thank you for the Account you give me of Harry's Eye. My Blessing to him and Fançhon; and believe me to be

*My dear Fanny's fond and impatient Exile,*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCXXV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**I** THANK my Harry for his too great Condescension, in canvassing the Bath Affair so closely. Your first Letter upon the Subject was sufficient Warrant; and in Truth your general Indulgence had been sufficient without it: Neither did I doubt your Resources, nor the kind and generous Application of them.

But Health not being in Question, as I do not think it would do my Eyes any good, I could never think of indulging myself in the Pursuit of any Pleasure, at the Expence of those I love so infinitely better than myself. Indeed it was a

Matter of Business only that first induced me to think of the Journey. Mr. G—— was there, and I wanted to confer with him upon a Plan of Operation I meant to propose; and I thought that I might have more Leisure of him there, than in the Hurry of his Occupations when he returns to London, which I heard lately he is to do immediately; so I must try to *shoot him flying* here.

And so, Sir, “I never wanted Money, nor “the Dread of doing so.” Well said, *Mr. Nimble Gob*, as I luckily recollect your Brothers used to stile you, even when ye were Children. The Truth of your Observation makes it the more punishable, agreeable to the new Doctrine about Libels. *Truth*, according to the Opinion of some of our Judges, *is a Crime against Law*.

The Weakness of my Eyes, I am shocked to say it, encreases *daily*, which it has no Right to do, even *yearly*, for some *Anne Domini*’s yet to come. This Complaint affects me more than many others I feel, as it deprives me of the only Consolation I could have in Solitude, and renders my Solicitude for your Company rather more selfish than I would choose to have it appear.

My Constitution was never valid, but indeed it is much weakened within these few Months. Now do not fancy that I am low-spirited about myself; for I assure you that I am not at all apprehensive  
of

of dying. I rather dread a worse Event—the living long after my Health is gone, and losing the Sight of my Eyes before *I close them*.

I think you are perfectly right to stay in Dublin, till your Hopes are lost in Certainty or Disappointment. I pray God the first may be soon the Case. Adieu, my dear Harry; I am sinning both against you and myself, by writing so long.

*Adieu, encore!*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DCXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*My dearest FANNY,*

*Dublin.*

**Y**OUR last Letter has made me wretched. The Situation both of your Health and Spirits alarms me extremely. You say you are not apprehensive of Death—thou hast no Reason to fear it, thou most immaculate Spirit! and yet you fear to live under certain uncomfortable Circumstances. This is but partial Heroism. If you do not value Life for its own Sake, O cherish it for

the Sake of others ! A Life without Blame, though not without Pain, is worth preserving, upon such Considerations.

I could have died myself, and would have done so at any Time these many Years past, if it had not been for such a Reflection as this. Were such dear Connections as mine but once dissolved, I need but tame my Spirit to my Disease, and perish without Suicide. It requires Exertion in me to live, and thou, my perfect Happiness, art the sole Spring of my Philosophy.

I can never forgive *Mecænas* the wretched Meanness of his Sentiment, in preferring Life to Death, under every Ill of Body, Mind, and Fortune. *Dum vita superest bene est*, says he—for this Composition was imagined, merely with regard to himself. How came such an illiberal Mind to be ever looked upon as a Patron of Literature ?

But let us be chearful ; we have both of us Reason to be so—I in you, and you, I hope, in me ; nor dread nor desire \* far, I trust very far, distant Events. And now, Madam Pert, since you are pleased to dub me with a Nick-name, give me leave to return the Compliment, and be your Sponsor, likewise, for the Title of *Mrs. Lamentine* †.

\* Alluding to her frequent Wish of dying first.

† The Name of a Fish called the Sea Cow.



Go on, and prosper, my only Hope in Life, in this Stile—for you never sport a Jest against me, but when you feel yourself in perfect Harmony both with yourself and me.

Adieu, and write to me often.

*Your own*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin,*

I RECEIVED an extreme pleasant Letter from you by this Day's Pacquet. Mrs. D—— was by when I read it. I let her see it, and she has carried it off, in order to shew, in a *certain Quarter*, where it has been enviously doubted, whether you, or any Woman in Europe, could be capable of writing the Letters of *Frances*; and she says, that she will wager this One against any other in the Four Volumes—nay, the very Hand itself, she says, seems to be the proper Vehicle to convey such tender, refined, and delicate Sentiments.



All this happened to come in good Time, to recruit my wasted Strength and Spirits; for I have laboured under a severe Cold these three Days, which has returned my Cholic on me so severely that I have not slept a Wink these two Nights.

Among the various Thoughts which have occurred to me, upon this unhappy Subject, I think that so shocking a Disorder, not having yet produced any visible Effect upon my Constitution or Appearance, can no otherwise be accounted for, but by supposing it to be absolutely necessary to my *Health*.

Exercise is requisite to Man. I seldom use any, except in Bed; and there, indeed, I am actuated in a double Sense. Pain is Exercise, and a severe one too. Besides, you know that I can never lie five Minutes on the same Side, but am turning round continually all Night, like poor enchanted *Whisker* in the *Skimmer*. Is it any Wonder then I should be giddy all my Days? Perhaps the Evil of my resting all Day, may be counteracted by my Restlessness all Night. Agetilaus, being besieged, preserved his Body of Horse in Health and Vigour by putting them into Slings for some Hours every Day, and the struggling and stretching to get loose afforded them sufficient Exercise to maintain their Strength and Activity, till he was at Liberty to bring them into the Field.

Now,

Now, as I happen to be neither a *Running Footman* nor an *Horse Rider*, it may, perhaps, require some Disorder to keep me in Health. And who can certainly affirm that those Ails to which sedentary Persons are liable, be real Ills in the Constitution? May they not, possibly, be only the critical Discharges of collected Humours in the Body, and as natural and necessary to Health and Digestion, as Evacuation or Perspiration?

I could not stop myself upon this Subject, till I had exhausted it. You know my Way; I am a true Disciple of Agrippinus\*. But I have done now, and return, with Pleasure, to the principal Subject of your last Letter.

I have been philosophizing upon it all this Evening, and do certainly think, “that there appears really something supernatural in the Style and Manner of our Passion toward each other.” But I must beg leave to think, that the Excess of Fondness is rather on my Side; and that your Reciprocation, though it almost equals it, is raised to that Height, by the Virtue of Gratitude and Fidelity only; which, though it has certainly more Merit, has less of Originality in it.

\* Whenever any Thing ill befell him, he used to write a Panegyric on it. See Letter CCCCXL, the latter Part.

Thus have we fairly shifted Sides from our first setting out in Love together, as I prophesied, at least, if it was not true then, in some Letter of old, " My Friendship, from a constant unallayed  
" Heat, begins now to blaze into a Flame; while  
" the Extravagance of your Passion seems to have  
" at length spent itself to *the calm Lights of mild*  
" *Philosophy* \*."

I shall execute all your Commissions, though there is one of them I should rather think impossible. Now, I assure you, that I do not mean to be *Nimble Gob* upon this Occasion, but, merely for the Sake of Information, beg Leave to ask this Question, Whether you have made any Mistake, or no, in the Dimensions of the Table Cloths you desire, which you say must be Two and a Quarter long only, but Two and a Half wide? What Sort of Proportion is it, where the *Breadth* exceeds the *Length*? I have heard indeed, sometimes, of Things being *as broad as they were long*, but never *broader*.

Adieu, my dear giddy Housewife, who understands the Measure of *Feet* better than she does of Yards.

HENRY.

\* Letter CVII. Vol. I. Page 156, &c.

## LETTER DCXXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

WHAT a merry come Sorrow does my dear Scarron betray one into! A State between laughing and crying is the most aukward and distressful Situation imaginable. Sophocles has made a sore Heel the Subject of a Tragedy \*, but you make a Comedy out of a sick Stomach. Is this Philosophy or Hysterics?

I am much obliged to Mrs. D. and pray thank her in my Name, for her officious Friendship upon the Occasion you mention. You know how careless I have ever been about the Article of Fame; but though I would not trouble myself to defend the *Ingeniousness* of my Writings, I would certainly vindicate the *Ingenuousness* of my Publications.

I heard a curious Story upon this Subject some Time ago. Did I tell it to you before? I fancy not, because it made so little Impression on me at the Time. When the First Volumes of the Series came out, a Lady, whose Name I forget, at Bath or Bristol, who knew the real History of the Let-

\* PhiloLetters.



ters, mentioned our Names: A Person in Company, whether Man or Woman I recollect not, said they were perfectly well acquainted with us both, and denied us to be the Authors.

*Pray who are then?* I really do not know. *What an unaccountable Bias of Mind must that be, which would deny a Merit to People they know, merely to give it to Folks they do not?* But to put the Matter out of Dispute, the Lady said she had seen the original Manuscripts, with the Names subscribed, the broken Seals, and the Post-marks on them, in the Possession of the late Lady Corke, or that her Ladyship told her she had seen and held most of them in her Possession once, I really do not remember which; so you may perceive how little attentive I was to the Story.

I by no Means agree with your philosophic Stricture upon our mutual Passion. I cannot think that there is any Thing *supernatural* in our Attachment, though the Style and Manner of it, I am sorry to say, is uncommon and extraordinary. I hope that there was nothing very unaccountable in your first Regards towards me. The Attention and Politeness of your Address soon gained upon my unengaged Heart; so that Gratitude was certainly the first Motive of my Love.



And though there was a Time when I did not think myself *much indebted to you*, it was not, even then, in my Power to withdraw that Affection from you, which was certainly the original, and I hope will be the latest Passion of my Heart. From the Time that we have been united, your Kindness towards me has been unremitted; and the same Motive that first warmed my Breast, has been daily strengthened by repeated and continued Acts of Tenderness and Generosity.

The Constancy, but more particularly the Galantry of your Attachment, I confess, is more difficult to be accounted for. But I have heard some Philosopher say, “That we are naturally  
“ more inclined to love those upon whom we  
“ have conferred Obligations, than those from  
“ whom we receive them.” If the *Excess of Fondness* be, as you unjustly say, *on your Side*, it must necessarily arise from this very Reason only.

But there is still a further Cause for the Preservation of our mutual Fidelity and Constancy, which is the thorough Conviction we both feel of the Sincerity of each other's Love; and if either of our Hearts could be capable of wandering, for a Moment, our Humanity would instantly call them back, upon this Reflection, that the Loss of  
them.

them would render my Henry, or your Frances, may both, most miserable for Life.

I could say a good deal more upon this so interesting a Subject, but I think it full Time to conclude, with assuring you, most solemnly, that I never yet saw any Man that I thought so perfectly amiable as yourself; and though this Declaration may lessen the Merit of my Attachment, it will at least insure the Permanency of it, and make me ever continue, as I have ever been, my dearest Harry,

*Fondly, and truly yours,*

FRANCES.

P. S. I do acknowledge my Inadvertency about the Table Cloths—I am glad of it, as the Mistake served you to laugh at.

LETTER

## L E T T E R DCXXIX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I HAVE suffered the most provoking Kind of Distress, for these several Nights, that can be well imagined, from the most stupid Folly that has ever been heard of, since the Story of the *Cock Lane* Ghost.

The Cook Maid that I had when you left me, I knew to be a most execrable Servant, but I did not know that she was a most notable Thief, till about a Week ago. I instantly discharged her, and hired another.

The Day or two after she came Home, I had given Harry leave to go into Berkshire, and that very Night my House was haunted. My new Cook saw Spirits, and Rachel and Fanny heard them. They lay trembling and praying till Morning. It was in vain to reason with such Ideots. The next Day, they were ready to vouch the Nonsense of all they said, upon Oath; in which Belief they were further confirmed, by hearing, at the Green-grocer's Stall, that some Woman had hung herself in this House some Ten or Dozen Years before our Time.

The

The next Night they all Three rushed screaming into my Room, and startled me out of my Sleep—I got up immediately, and walked with them all over the House, to convince them of their Folly, but in vain. I would have discharged the Cook-maid, but that Rachel said she would not stay in the House without her; so that I was forced to submit to the same Disturbance for another Night, expecting my Son in Town the next Day. But I sent for your Client John, to patrol the House all Night, with his broad Sword, to quiet their Fears; for they suppose that Ghosts must be mortally afraid of a Weapon, though better fitted to make, than mar them.

You know that my Nerves are not very robust at best, and the Simpletons worried me to such a Degree, from the Agitation of my Mind, and a total Want of Rest, that I am almost become a *Ghost* myself at last.

I cannot think of any Thing to render my Letter more entertaining, in the present State I am in, nor even take Notice of your last, any farther than to say I love both it and the Writer.

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DCXXX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**T**HE Pacquets become every Day more irregular, for I have had but one Letter from you since last Monday. I am firmly persuaded that you write to me by every Post; so that my Happiness in hearing from you ought to be only postponed, not lost; which yet I have the Mortification to find not to be the Case.

I have been a most punctual Correspondent on my Side, having neglected but one Letter, when my Eyes were at the worst. I thank you for your constant Attention to them, in your frequent Mention of Gataker, whom I confess I have never sent for, though I dared not venture to tell you so before.

As my Eyes do not grow worse, nor indeed better, I am convinced their Weakness is owing to too free an Use of them. If I could but submit, for a Month, *to the Effects of Blindness*, I am certain I should recover my Sight. For the Eyes are not like our Limbs, of which it is said, *use them, and have them.*

But I cannot sit whole Evenings alone without Reading, Writing, or Work. I must defer the

Cure



Cure till your Return to read or converse with me. I shall then save them on pleasanter Terms, than I hurt them now, and they will soon grow well again.

Though I have starved the Cause, with regard to my Eyes, I think, I ought to open my Purse a little, on account of my Stomach, which continues still swelled, and in Pain. And yet I am become such a Miser, that I cannot prevail on myself to extend even one Fee. But you will return soon, I hope, and cure me yourself of my Complaints, or my Avarice.

But not to appear more parsimonious than I really am; I own that the little Success. the Faculty have had in your Case, which differs rather in Degree, than Nature, from mine, has discouraged me from laying out my Money in purchasing of *Sine-cures*, as you stiled them once, in One of your Agencies.

Though I love the good Dean extremely, I shall grudge him the Pleasure of your Company, if you should go with him, as you seem to hint—you either have, or have not Business in Dublin, that detains you from me; and if you leave Town, I should imagine that you either neglected that, or me.

Such

Such Thoughts are natural to Persons in my Circumstances. A Lover was the First Sceptic in the World. But I will neither imagine, doubt, or complain, any more, about the Matter; and Faith shall henceforward take the Place of Philosophy.

I thank you for the Amusement of the Papers you sent me inclosed, and for every Mark of your Kindness and Attention to me; that is, for every Action of your Life.

The Weakness of my Eyes, and the Smallness of my Lilliputian Type, will not suffer me to say more, than

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

---

L E T T E R DCXXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

**A**DVERSE Winds still, and stormy Weather. So that I have not heard from my Fanny these three Pacquets. Please to scatter the inclosed Billets by the *Penny-post*.

I had

I had put a Blister on my Stomach by Advice, for the constant Convulsions it has laboured under for these ten Days past ; it had no Effect ; it gave me *Pain* without *Ease*. The Doctor has removed it, and applied an healing Stomacher ; it laid my Breast so open, that you might have seen your own Image in my Heart, through Momus's Peep-hole.

I am now put into a Course of Castor-oil ; the Dose is bitter, but Health is sweet : It is an Extract from a Vegetable, not the animal Castor. I remember, that Mrs. M——, ugly B——'s pretty Friend, had recommended it to me above a Year ago ; but I waited till I had better Authority for it.

Mr. C—— is married to Miss H—— ; they were both Fools for this Match. I have heard of *Two Fools well met* : But these are sadly paired. Old Folly and young Folly never yet agreed, and least of all in such a State as this.

The Dean, F——, and Lady F——, send their Regards to you, and so do a Dozen People more.

Blessing to my Children. How goes their Lottery ? Stooping is painful to me.

*Adieu, my FANNY.*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCXXXII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**T**HOUGH all the Gatakers in the World were to forbid it, I will grope out a few Lines, to let my Harry know that I received his short Letter, which was rendered too long by the Account of his Pain.

I have at length been compelled to send for Mr. Gataker. The Matter became to be too serious. He gives me but little Comfort. He says the Disorder is not local, but supposes it to proceed from a bad Habit of Body, and a broken Constitution. I hate patching, and darning, and could wish to go, at once, like a Dutch Holland. Indeed, I am weary of myself, and every Thing about me.

Mr. Gataker attends me every Day, and refused my Second Fee. He said that if he had known who his Patient was before, he would not have taken the First. He paid me some flattering Compliments upon this Subject, which I should have relished better, had I been in better Spirits. However, I am much obliged to him, and think him a sensible, agreeable Man; his Character too, I hear, is extremely good.

I wish

I wish I had known three Months ago, that you would have staid away so long. Surely, you did not know it yourself. The expecting you every Week has prevented me from going to the Country, which had been infinitely pleasanter than Hyde-Street. I wish I knew, even now, how long you are to stay. Surely, if you know, you will inform me. I have given Harry Leave to go to Colonel B—— with Mrs. R——, though I am left so intirely alone. But I thought it enough for One of the Family to be wretched.

I think, I should—I have been interrupted. I know not what I was going to say, when I laid down the Pen. My Spirits were never lower than at this Instant. I am afraid I have written peevishly. But this Letter, or none, must go; for I am not able to undertake another. Do then, my Love, excuse me; and tell me, if you can, when I may expect you.

*Adieu, my dear Harry! Adieu!*

FRANCES.

P. S. All our Tickets are Blanks. Charge some Part of my Crossness to this Event.

LETTER



## LETTER DCXXXIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Danesfort.*

THE Attorney has appointed a Consultation of Lawyers Ten Days hence; as they were some of them Members of Parliament, they could not meet sooner than the Recess: This Vacation afforded me an Interval to spend with our good Friend, the Dean: It was much pleasanter than staying in Town. Besides, I really wanted Exercise, Country Air, and regular Meals: For, *Parliament Hours* are quite *unconstitutional*.

This State of Uncertainty is the most disagreeable Thing in the World. I cannot give the Lawyers better Information than the Attorney is already Master of; and yet I stay at his Request. This is merely to satisfy my own Mind, that I have not neglected any Thing, without being able to forward the Business. There are certain Requisites in Life, which avail nothing, except to a Man's own Character.

I have just received a Letter from you, forwarded from Dublin. I do not agree with Mr. Gataker. Your Constitution is only fatigued;  
but

but not worn out : It is naturally good ; and a Regimen of Hours only will be sufficient to repair it. Will you submit to so severe a Rule ?

Whenever I do not *fly* to you, be assured that I am *pinioned* ; and to fix the Day of my Departure, which depends upon other Peoples Motions, must be impossible : This is all the Answer it is in my Power to give to a certain sceptical Passage in your last Letter.

This is no pleasant Country ; nor is this Spot any *Situation* ; but the very Name of it affords me a Sort of reflective Enjoyment : It was in such a *Synonima*, that I had formerly passed all my School-boy Days ; where I had eat, drank, slept, and mistaken Desire for Love so often—you shewed me my Error in this latter Article, and I have had an Affection for the very Name of Frances ever since.

There is one Circumstance in this Place, which in my present Exile is not unpleasing to me, which is, that we have no Woman here, since I cannot cull out those I would choose. In short, *I hate* all the Sex (except those *I love*) ; and I have the Happiness to find, that I approve those only, whom you do likewise.

Excepting *one particular Person* ; and her, my principal Favourite, you have often used extremely ill ; have not only made her frequently sick and  
sorry,

sorry, but sometimes, even cross too: Nay, you would probably have been the Death of her, long ago, if I had not luckily stept in a Stickler between ye.

And I shall ever take her Part against you, because I own I love her with an equal Fondness, and that there would not be an Hair's Difference between my Grief for your Death, or for hers. I confess, that your Behaviour towards this Lady is both unnatural and unaccountable; for whatever Reason the Rest of her Sex may have to be jealous of her, you can have none in the least.

My worthy Host salutes you. I have neither Time, nor Paper, to remit you all the kind Things he says upon this Occasion.

*Adieu, my near and distant Wife! Mistress!  
Friend!*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCXXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE just received Two Letters from you—well said, *Irishman*: One of them was from your Son. I am extremely unhappy about your Eyes. I wish you had sent for Gataker sooner.

VOL. V.

H

This

This was my Request at first—but it is the Way you are ever injuring the *Sultana*, I gave you a Hint of in my last Letter. I intreat that you will employ Harry, as your Amanuensis, till I have the Pleasure of seeing you; lest you should not be able to see me.

The Beds, here, are the most extravagant Things I ever saw. The *Bed of Ware* was the first upon Record. The N—— Bed exceeded that; and these have exaggerated upon the latter: The one I sleep in may be stiled a *Bed of Divorce*, where a Man and his Wife might each lie alone, after Separation; and they must come together again, before any Reconcilement could be brought about; un Lit de Justice, too—but it would be *extremum jus*. A *Bed of Honour*, also, where a Regiment might be entombed: This is such a Bed, as Horace wishes a Man's Mistress to lie in, whenever he eats Garlic, *extrema et in spondâ cubet*; a regal Couch—as Kings are said to have *long Hands*. Ptolemy *Longimanus*, I suppose, had such another. A *partie quarée* might hold their Assignations here without Indecency. If Daphné and Apollo had been laid in the Extremes of such a Bed, she would have had Law enough of him, to have eluded his Embrace—For,

Her

Her Head had been all Laurel Branches,  
E'er he had reach'd her bark-bound Haunches.

This is such a Bed, as Tristram Shandy prefers, where a Man may lie *diagonally*, without interfering with his Chum. In fine, I actually got cold in it the first Night, though I travelled to the southernmost Part of the Continent; remembering the good old Proverb, *after Supper walk a Mile*. Such large Rooms should never be without Stoves in them.

I am not sure, whether I should have done with this Subject yet-a-while, if a *simple Mistle* had not just burned itself to death in my Candle: This is a common Incident; so frequent as to supply the Poets with a Simile. But how can Nature answer it to herself, to inspire any Animal with a Passion, that tends to its Destruction? This, however, is the only Instance of such a *Decoy*. All other Creatures are born, yeaned, calved, littered, foaled, whelped, hatched, spawned, or any other Way generated, with an Instinct towards Self-preservation.

But, stop a little; hark ye me, Madam! I busied myself Yesterday in classing the Library here, when a certain Article of Suspicion happened to come across me, in the Shape of a certain fine Edition of *Paster Fido*, that I had seen



before in a certain Book-case. Cadenus and Vanessa revived ! I cried—

“ They mingled Love and Books together.”

These *Deans* are dangerous People, I find.

*Adieu, my dearest Fanny ; and believe me,  
NONOBTANTE, your fond and affectionate  
Husband,*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCXXXV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*My dear HARRY,*

THE Elements seem to conspire against my Peace. Cruel Winds ! What have I done to you ? ungrateful Gales, whose breath I oft have aided with my Sighs ! Aura Veni ! Aura Veni ! But One short Letter for a long Three Weeks—indeed it is severe. Yet, could I be satisfied by any other Means, that you were well and happy, I should not repine, even at not hearing from you.

My

My Eyes were mending ; but being left quite alone these two Days, I ventured to answer several Letters which lay on my Hands for this Fortnight : This has hurt me. The kind Gataker will scold me, but you will not ; for your active Spirit will feel how impossible it is to sit alone, without reading or writing. I should soon think the House haunted, as well as my Maids, if I were to do so.

I do not suppose you can hear from this Side of the Water, as all the Pacquet Boats must be locked up on your Shore, by that cursed *Lybs*. Is not that the Name of this villainous easterly Wind ? I have not written so constantly of late, as I used to do, because I flattered myself that every Post would bring me a Letter from Holyhead.

I was tempted out to see the new Comedy, *The Widowed Wife*, the other Night. I like it very well ; but, you know I am easily pleased with Authors, though difficult for myself. The Wit of it, indeed, is like all our modern Performances, temporary and local ; but there is a great deal of good Sentiment, and a World of Business in it : It was extremely well received, and I dare say will read well.

I cannot write more. I should not have done so much. May many happy Years still wait upon my Love, most fervently prays his fond and faithful Wife,

FRANCES.

P. S. This Day three Months we parted !

---

L E T T E R DCXXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

**I** LEFT our Friend not well. I would not have done so, if I was not obliged to return to my Law-suit. I do not like his Situation. I fear the House is too damp; and his Bed too large, and *solitary*: It would hold the whole Coterie; though C—— and B——, are two of them.

I have received a Letter from you, and I wont scold you, because you say I wont; but you may suppose me clapping Gataker on the Back, and *setting him to*.—I intreat you, of all Love, that you will never do so any more: It gives me a Disrelish to your Letters; I declare, I will return  
the

the next unopened. You infuse so much of your Spirit into your Writings, that I must read with Pain whatever you write so.

Your last must have arrived in some Wherry, for all the Boats are on this Side, as you observe; and whether this Letter can steal out to you in the Dead of Night, I cannot say; but even a Possibility is Reason enough for me to write to you at any Time.

I hope the first Change of Wind will be so kind to waft me over, for the Consultation is so—and the Law and Equity both are declared to be in my Favour. They say, that there is more *Trouble* than *Difficulty* in the Suit. I have put Bayly into Possession of all the Papers and Instructions I can: And now, thank my Stars, I have no further Business here.

I shall go take Leave of a few Friends, and pack up a few Things, and then step to the Quay to see how the Wind blows; perhaps I may have the Pleasure of bringing my Penelope both a *Rescribas* and an *Ipse Veni* at the same Time.

*My dear Pen, Adieu!*

*Yours,*

*No Ulysses, except, in being  
a CONSTANT Wanderer.*

## LETTER DCXXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I WRITE to you now by the Pacquet, though I am just stepping on board a Chester Ship, and hope to send you a Line from Pargate, that will tell you this is coming.

Mr. C—— has fallen from his Horse, in crossing Penmanmaur, and lies ill at the Foot of it, in Swift's Inn. As soon as Lady L—— received the Account, she set out in a Pacquet, and after Four Days Strife with Wind and Tide, was forced back. She set out again in the next Pacquet, and I hope has made her Passage: This is quite unmodern; but they are the fondest Couple in Europe, except ourselves. Let us love and esteem them both the better for it.

This is severe Weather; the Snows have stopt all the Stages here: But the Sea is not frozen yet; and it would be some Satisfaction to me to be on the same Continent with you, though I should not be able to travel; which, however, I should attempt, by setting out on Foot; if the same Weather should hold there. It is a comfortable Faith, just now, to believe the World is  
to



to be destroyed by Fire ; for the present Coldness of it must make an Infidel fear its instant Dissolution.

The Captain has just sent me Word, that he will not sail this Day, for though the Wind is tolerably favourable, the Snow falls so thick, that I am now writing by Candle-light at Two o'Clock, and no Ship would venture out in such a Circumstance.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

---

L E T T E R   D C X X X V I I I .

FRANCES to HENRY.

*My dear HARRY,*

**I** CONSIDER myself, at present, like the Lady in Murphy's Desert Island, who continued to engrave her Sentiments on the Rocks ; though it was impossible, that whom they were addressed to should ever see them. I begin now to think, that the Communication between the Two Kingdoms is quite cut off ; or, at best, that we are in the State of the Greenlanders, who are deprived of all Communications with their Friends for Six Months.

H 5

together.

together. What a State for a Lover to be in! for, surely, the Heart may be warm, though the Breast be frozen.

If these People adored the Sun, which not only relieves them from the Miseries of Cold and Darkness, but restores them to all the endearing, social Joys of Love and Friendship, I should not be surprized: But why the parched Indian should be such an Idolater, I cannot conceive.

My Eyes are a good deal better; and I should be in tolerable Spirits now, if the Disappointment of not hearing from you Yesterday had not convinced me that you are not in England. And while such Weather continues, I hope you would not be mad enough to set Sail.

I received a chearful Letter from you the Post before, with an Account of the Beds at D——, which, if you have not too much *enlarged* upon, to take up your *Bed* and walk, would be as great a Miracle as the Cure.

Though this Expression is not to be taken literally from the Translation; for the same original Word, I suppose, that is rendered *a Bed*, in the Old Testament is termed *a Staff* by St. Paul. Compare Genesis Chap. xlvii. Ver. 31, with Hebrews Chap. xi. Ver. 21, and you will see my Reason for this Comment,

Thy

Thy *Pastor Fido* need have no Jealousy about his *Amaryllis*. The Coterie were presenting our Chaplain with little Tokens toward House-warming, when he was leaving us. He chose a Book from me, and that being a fine Edition, I gave it freely—being in Possession of the real *faithful Shepherd*, what Value need I set upon the feigned One?

I almost hope this Letter may find you in Dublin; for I should be miserable to think of your travelling till the Weather mends.

Adieu, my dearest Life; my Hands are frozen, but my Heart is filled with the sincerest Warmth for my own Harry.

*Yours, ever,*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DCXXXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

THE Wind how adverse, and perverse! But if it was ever so fair, I am obliged to wait for a Return of the inclosed Instrument to be signed by Mr. C——, who is Heir at Law to my Uncle: It is to empower me to take out Administration to him here, and was put into my

H 6

Hands

Hands by Mr. B—— this Morning. So that I must continue in Exile for about a Fortnight longer; which the kind Furlough you granted me, in your last Letter, on account of the Weather, renders my Mind the more easy about—This will be the Third intestate Beggarman I shall have administered to in the Course of this immortal Suit, and I must, alas! continue their fittest Representative till I obtain a Decree.

I send you a Passage I cut out of a News-paper here the other Day. I did not think it was possible for any Story of Distress to be told in such a Manner as to make One laugh, till I read this. I dare say, it will even make you smile.

I shall spend good Part of this Vacation, at Clontarf, in a crowded Family way. I find vast Satisfaction in that Society: They say kind Things to me; and seem to have conceived a favourable Opinion of us. Flattery is pleasant enough, when it appears to be none; as One might naturally imagine, when it is bestowed by *the Rich* upon *the Poor*, and offered by *the Young* to *the Old*.

There is no Life without the Feeling of some warm and mutual Affection. However, Friendship grows cool with Age, and Love palls upon Possession: But I have had the happy Experience to prove, that they may both be preserved in their first Vigour, by being, as it were, rechauffed  
conti-

continually, by such Manners and Sentiments as ours.

I could not live, merely regarding myself. I must go abroad, for moral as well as for natural Exercise. Restrain me once to such a solitary State, and Life would soon be over with me. My natural Yearnings would precipitate me into the next World, in quest of Subjects for my Love and Friendship.

I am glad to find the Wind and Weather so kindly perverse ; and hope, that it may continue for this Fortnight at least : For it will be a great Satisfaction to my Mind, since I am obliged to remain here for such a Time, to know that I could not have stirred, whether I was at Liberty or no.

Success attend the active Endeavours of us both, and send me soon and safe over to you.

I am grown so fat, that I shall make you sufficient Amends for my Absence, by carrying you over Two Husbands in One, and treat you with a little *innocent Adultery*, on my Return.

Adieu, my dearest Fanny ; and believe me to be your constant, fond, and impatient,

HENRY.

L E T T E R



## LETTER DCXL.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I AM just returned to Town, after a few Days Excursion into the County of Wicklow, with my old Friend S—— W——, who pressed me to go down to his Father's with him, and wait for the Turn of the Wind, which I could as well watch on that Coast as on this. He is a good-humoured Man, and I was used to love him; so that I should have passed the Time pleasantly enough with him alone: But the Rest of the Family contrived to render it extremely vapid and uncomfortable.

The Father is a very civil good-humoured old Man, but his Conversation is trifling and insipid. He is remarkably chearful too; but then, it is the Liveliness of a Boy, which has rather the Aukwardness of an *old One*—without the *Naïveté* of Youth, or the Decorum of Age: It creates in One only a *Sort of bald Affection without Esteem*, as you said justly once, with regard to poor P—— W——.

My

My Friend's Wife is deaf, dull, ill-tempered, and conceited; and his Sister, who pretends to be romantic, is either lolling on a *Sopha* all Day, with her Heels higher than her Head, in Hysterics, or flaunting about the Room, wearing out the Looking-glass with adjusting her Curls, and grinning at her Teeth; or chanting out Odds and Ends of old Songs, without Taste or Expression. However, I hear, they are the Vogue of this Country for Wit and Beauty, and much admired by the Sharks and Otters of this Coast.

As my Friend is enamoured of your Writings, though more struck with the Virtue and Religion, than the Style and Sentiment of them, these Women, think it somewhat incumbent on them to be a little conversant in them; and sometimes sit moping over a Page or Two of the *Series*; sometimes read Parts of it aloud; and it would be Charity in our Fançhon to teach them their Hornbooks.

I used to sit by, *with honest Anguish, &c.* while they asked me the most childish Questions upon some of the Passages. Mrs. W—— met with the Word *Pageantry* Yesterday Morning, and inquired what *Pageantry* meant—I answered very calmly, that it signified Heathenism, and was derived from *Pagan*: *It passed in the Affirmative.*

The

The Wind became *favourable* to me To-day, has brought me to Town, and, I hope, will carry me over too, without further Delay.

*Adieu !*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCXLI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

(On a Journey.)

*Stony Stratford.*

**H**E breakfasted at Barnet, while *I* walked to St. Alban's, Eight Miles—he dined there, while *I* sat fasting by ; and we supped at Hockly together. This Morning we came hither to *his* Breakfast, which he is most manfully busy about, while *I* am writing to you.

He is a good Sort of a formal, dogmatical, *unconceited* Man. I will describe him to you in a few Words. Speaking of my long Walk Yesterday, I told him that I preferred my Legs, as far as they could bear me, to either Horse or Carriage ; and, if I had such Legs as that Man, said

said I, that never would tire (pointing to a Beggar that was sitting at a Door) I should leave you the Post-chaise to yourself for the Rest of the Journey.

He immediately entered into Argument: *Why should I think, that One I had never seen before, would never be tired? For ought I could possibly know of the Matter, the Fellow might not be able to walk even as far as me, &c.* I yielded to his superior Philosophy and Reason, as there are certain Persons I never dispute with, and did not remark to him, that the poor Man had a Pair of wooden Legs only.

He asked me, soon after, what was the Mile we had just passed, and I replied, that the Stone had *lost its Memory*: He cavilled at this Expression. *Reflection is an Act of the Mind, of which Faculty inanimate Matter is incapable.* I never explained the Metaphor to him, that all Traces of the Number had been effaced.

Enough upon One Subject.

As I was walking Yesterday from Barnet, I stood to read the Inscription on the Pillar that is erected near the Town: It is to commemorate the final Action between Edward the Fourth and Warwick, *the Setter-up and Puller-down of Kings*, as he is stiled in History, Anno Domini 1471;  
and

and this Monument was erected in 1740. Now, who could possibly, at the latter Date of Time, have either Interest, or Pride, in so sumptuously recording an Event, of so little Consequence to England, so many Years after it? There is no Name affixed.

We have got the same Postilion that dragged Miss S—— and me Two Years ago, and who is not the least improved by his Travels—we might easily have gained another Stage, if we had had any other Leader. If I had known it Time enough, I would not have set out with him. I have a mind to shew him how much he has been exposed already, for I have a Set of the Books with me that have recorded him. Do you think it would have any Effect on him?

I am afraid of missing the Post. I expect a Letter from you at Chester. A Foot-post might overtake us.

Adieu, my Life. Blessing to our Children.

*Your affectionate Husband,*

HENRY.

LETTER



## LETTER DCXLII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*My dear HARRY,*

I RECEIVED your Letter from Stony Stratford, and shall obey your Request in writing to you at Chester. I had many Reasons for not doing so last Post, but the principal One was, *your not having desired it* before. I thought you wished I should *believe* that you did not mean to stay long enough there to receive One, and I was very well inclined to *seem* of that Opinion.

I pity you extremely for having met with so very *rational* a Companion; but, indeed, he must be quicker than chance Travellers generally are, if his Ideas can always keep Pace with your Expressions, Mr. Nimble Gob. I am, however, surprized that your sage Philosopher did not take Notice of the Monument at Barnet, as such Sort of People are often more curious, about ascertaining the Dates, than the Motives of any historical Fact.

Our Pictures are brought home from L——'s, and in my Opinion, much injured from being sent there. Your Face is much dirtier than it was;  
and

and the fresh Dab of Paint he has laid upon One Side of my Neck and Arm, gives an additional Sallowness to the whole Portrait. I long for a Basin of Water and a Brush to scour them both ; but I will have *Patience* till your Return. One should practise *it* in small Matters, in order to be expert in great ones. Habit is the true *Moral* of Virtue. And now I am calm again.

I hear that the Booksellers have purchased Sterne's Papers, among which have been preserved his Correspondence with Mrs. D —. Was it Vice or Folly that suffered him to leave those Letters behind him ? He had Warning enough of his Death, to have destroyed them. I am more offended at this, than at any Action of his Life or Writings.

*Adieu !*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## L E T T E R DCXLIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Litchfield.*

THE happy Dunce dined Yesterday at Forster's Booth, while I walked on to Daventry, from thence I went in the Chaise to Dunchurch, *breakfasted* while he supped—and lay there.

The Legend of Warwick and the *Dun Cow* is nothing to the extraordinary Circumstance of my favourite Girl, there—I will still call her *Girl*: She is Niece to the Man who keeps the Sign of the Dun Cow. It is about Twenty Years since I saw her first; she was then Sixteen; and the handsomest Girl I thought, in England, at that Time. And yet, she has remained ever since unwedded and undouble-u'd, though she has ever acted as a common Servant in the House. If One of your marrying Dukes would but take a Fancy to this *serva Briseis*, I should commend his Virtue.

This Morning I quitted the Chaise at Mereden, and walked off toward Colehill: On the Road I found myself pursued by a Blackamoor, who made me face about, with an hellish *Warhoop*. I  
stopped

stopped till he came up, when he instantly bent the Knee to the Ground, and presented me with a little Billet.

*An Adventure, by the Bona Dea*, said I, in Soliloquy. An Equipage had passed me by, just before, which might have born a ducal Coronet, for aught I observed. How natural was it, you know, to conclude, that some Duchess or other must have become suddenly enamoured with the *Responsibility* of my Strut, and had dispatched this Imp of Darkness to tempt my Virtue : This, however, is an exploded Notion at present. The tempting Devils of these Days are mostly handsome.

Well, during my Suspence, I thus most piously resolved within myself, that come what will of it, my dear Wife and Children should be first taken Care off. If her Grace win my Favour, it shall not be for her own Sake, truly : I shall yield to her Solicitations grudgingly, and of Necessity, as a Miser parts with Alms ; and grant my Dole, as Orthodoxy prescribes, not out of Charity to the Object, but merely for the Sake of God ; and he is “ worse than a Jew, or an Infidel, you “ know, who does not take Care of his own.”

These Preliminaries being then thoroughly settled in my Mind, I opened the Billet, and read these Words :

“ Reader,

“ Reader, if thou hast Benevolence, thou  
“ wilt put the Bearer right on his Way, as he is  
“ a Foreigner, and cannot speak a Word of  
“ English. He is going to Welling, in Hertford-  
“ shire, and is Servant to the Reverend Mr. —  
“ (I forget) of that Town.”

Thus vaded all my Vanities, like the Glass-  
seller's Vision in the Arabian Tales. I knew not  
the Road he wanted, but I led him on to a Cot-  
tage, and had him pointed on his Way.

I undergo Three several Tirednesses, a Day;  
sitting, walking, and fasting. My Breakfast is  
just come upon the Table: God bless the Meal,  
and

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

LETTER



## LETTER DCXLIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Namptwich.*

THIS is our Stage for To-night, and I am writing to you, while my *Evening Breakfast* is getting ready. Is there not such an Expression in the Romish Ritual as *Morning Vespero*? In Lydia, on a Dearth, several Games were invented to amuse the instant Calls of Hunger. Had they no Friend, no Wife, no Mistress, to correspond with, *who had their Hearts and Stomachs too?*

I am confessedly tired. The Sands, and my Companion were so heavy all the Way, that I walked near Twelve Miles To-day: I find great Benefit in this. A few Hours in a Carriage swells my Legs, which Ambulation relieves again. Besides, slow Motion, and *no* entertaining Company, incline One too much to doze. So that, if I had not taken the Preventative of this Regimen, I might, perhaps, be fallen into a confirmed Dropsy and Lethargy, by the Time I may have arrived at the End of my Journey. *Use your Limbs and have them*, says the Proverb: Aye,  
and

and your Senses too, says my Queen of Sheba's Solomon.

My Cholic has been very gentle with me these Three Days; and has slept *without Opium*, ever since I left London. One sure Diagnostic of my Amendment is my finding the Meat, Drink, and Beds, throughout my Journey, much more tolerable than I have done in any of the former Progresses I have made through England—except when I have travelled with you.

Pleasure, in those Instances, and Ease, in the present One, have prevented me from attending to slighter Circumstances. What are Meat, Drink, or Beds, to the Enjoyments of an Heart-felt and Soul-reflected Commerce? or, to One Moment's Respite from the Rack?

When Solomon made his Option, between Knowledge and Riches, he chose well—but had the Alternative been Love and Health, he were a Solomon, indeed, who could be able to name the Preference. For my own Part, I should do with this Proposition, as he wisely did with the Child; e'en *split the Difference*, and take Half and Half. Amen, so be it, my Love, and Health through Life.

I mean to institute a Sort of *Whichenore* Society on my Return to London, which I shall

stile the *Ban-ton* of domestic Life \*. I will be Lecturer to it myself; and at every *Congregation*, give them a First and Second Lesson out of the First and Latter *Series*—marking the Connection between them, almost, as clearly as Prideaux has done his.

Do not call me prophane. What is Religion, but Love? And whoever has a Faith in Heaven, equal but to Half the Love I bear to you, may safely defy the Devil and all his Works. I fondly, above, through the enthusiastic Ardour for the Happiness of Mankind, termed this Society a *Congregation*. What a mortifying Reflection must it be, to fear its dwindling down to *where Two or Three are gathered together!*

Apropos. A drunken Fellow reeled by us this Evening, roaring out Piece of a Song I had never heard before; the only Part of which I could catch flying, was this Couplet,

“ But when we are wed,

“ Our Joys are all fled.”

This Reflection afforded my *un-merry* Companion occasion to say, that he believed the Maxim, but had never the Misfortune to experience the Truth of it; as he had never been married, though he is above Sixty Years of Age.

\* This Thought has since been introduced into the Gordian Knot. Letter lviii.

Upon opening his Budget to me, within these Two Days, I find him to be a Man of Learning, and well versed in Philosophy: But all his Knowledge is merely pedantic, bound up in Systems; and not, in the least, blended with the living Manners. His Sense is *left-banded*, as Ninon de l'Enclos said of Raymond the Greek—you have tasted bad Sauces; so ill concocted, that the Pepper, Salt, Acid, &c. might be severally distinguished on the Palate, instead of that chromatic Result which arises from the true Art of Cookery.

This is the true State of his Understanding. His Tints of Science lie upon his Mind as distinct as the Colours on a Pallet, before the Pencil has wrought them into Shade, or Mixture. He repeated several fine Passages to me To-day out of Homer and Horace; and while I was observing upon the Elegance of One, and the Sublimity of the Other, he was solely occupied in pointing out the Incorrectness of an Expression, or the philosophical Error of a Metaphor. In fine, he is an *ignorant Scholar*, and an *ingenious Dunce*.

So fare him well; and God bless us, and our Meat, which is just come upon the Board.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.



## LETTER DCXLV.

FRANCES TO HENRY.

**T**HE highest Delight that I can conceive, in my dear Harry's Absence, must be the Knowing that he is well and happy—and from the charming Vivacity of his last Letter, I hope I am intitled to deduce that desirable Conclusion.

The spirited Galantry of your Sentiments and Expression, I think, exceeds any Thing that I have ever heard, or read, upon the Subjects of Love or Matrimony. And, though I know that you write well upon every Topic, you really appear to rise superior to yourself on these.

There is something extremely flattering in this Reflection. For, as the Head must be equally engaged on all Subjects, it must be the Feelings of the Heart, which render these your *Fort*.

I am sensible, that I have not expressed myself as well as I could wish in this Matter, but I have been kept awake all last Night by the Storm, and, though I hope, and trust in Providence, that you were not gone to Sea, my Spirits are harrassed, and my Head confused with Apprehensions, and

want



Henry and Frances.

197

want of Rest. I shall not, indeed, I shall not be at Peace, till I have a Line from you, dated Dublin.

Had you gone by the Head, my Mind would have been much easier ; but I strive to persuade myself that Storms are partial, as I have heard Seamen say, and that there might have been no Hurricane where you were, at the Time I felt it here.

I thank God that your Disorder is abated—May his good Providence ever watch over, bless, and preserve my dearest Harry ! I cannot write more ; but am, with the tenderest Affection, and most grateful Esteem, ever yours.

FRANCES.

---

## LETTER DCXLVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Chester, Sunday Morn.*

**T**HREE Ships at Pargate, all laden with Horses. I do not choose such *shifting* Ballast. I like Sea-horses very well, but not *Horses at Sea*. My *intimate Friend and a Stranger*, as Teague says, has agreed to go on with me to the Head.

Mrs. H—— is extremely ill of a Cold. She had been blooded Yesterday Morning; and just before I got to Town, her Coughing had occasioned her Arm to burst out again; and none of her Family were handy enough to refix the Bandage, so that she had like to have died, like Seneca, before the Surgeon could be brought.

She sends her Compliments to you, and says there will be a Parcel of Shoes left at your House, which she begs you will send her by the Coach, if she should live to wear them, if not, she bequeaths them to you, which will answer exactly, for they are made upon a *Chinese Last*.

I have seen your pretty Friend, *Larkheel*, here: She is really grown a very fine Girl, and most amiable in her Manners and Principles. I could tell you a very pretty Story of her, relative to a private Conversation between us To-day, but the Post-chaise hurries me away—I will tell it to you next Post, if I think of it.

We post it to Holywell To-night, to *lie in wait* for the Machine To-morrow, and get some Rest before we enter upon the Fatigues of a Journey and a Voyage both.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

P. S. No Letter from you!

LETTER

## LETTER DCXLVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Holywell, Sunday Even.*

**J**UST as I was putting my Letter into the Post this Morning, the London Mail came in, which afforded me the Pleasure of taking a Letter from you into the Post-chaise with me. However, I do not like your First Paragraph. Need I have desired you to write to me? But I did not desire it, because I did not think that a Letter could have overtaken me in the Kingdom; and if our Charioteer had not drove with *Drags* on his Wheels, it could not have done so. There is another Passage too in the same Paragraph that I shall not remark on.

I am not surprized at Sterne's Conduct, for he was making every One a Confidant in that Platonic, I suppose, as he did me, on the Second Day of our Acquaintance. But, in truth, there was nothing in the Affair worth making a Secret of—The World that knew of their Correspondence, knew the worst of it, which was merely a simple Folly. Any other Idea of the Matter would be more than the most abandoned Vice

could render probable. To intrigue with a Vampire! To sink into the Arms of *Death alive!*

But, if there had been any Thing in those Letters worth concealing, he had not sufficient Warning of his Death to have destroyed them. His living for Ten Years past was a Miracle, and that he should live for Twenty Years to come, was the only *Miracle*, I fancy, that he believed in.

### CONWAY.

I have brought on this Letter, as I was informed that Holywell lies out of the Post-road.

I am, thank God, tolerably well, and the Swelling in my Legs is quite gone. I compute that I shall have walked about Threescore Miles of the Journey, by the Time I reach the Head: This is great Performance upon One Meal a Day.

We have Two Female *Trembleurs* in the Coach, in a double Sense of the Word; for, they are both Quakers, and paralytic old Women. They are going over to preach *no* Gospel, and to *thee* and *thou* it for a Season in Ireland: These are a strange Sect of Religionists—they seem to derive their Devotion higher than Anno Domini, from the oracular Convulsions before that *Æra*: They boast the Breathings of the Spirit, but have no more;



more Piety in their Hearts, than *a Pair of Bel-*  
*lows.*

The Wind is against us, but all the Pacquets, they say, are on this Side; and we may squeeze out a Gale for our Voyage from this Pair of Ulysses's Bags, when we get them on Board. The Spirit moves me, just now, to say,

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

## L E T T E R DCXLVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY..

**I** RECEIVED your few Lines from Chester, and to know that you go by the Head, has given me the greatest Satisfaction I can receive, till I hear that you are safe landed. I believe that no Creature who leads such a vegetable Life as I do, ever suffered so much from Winds and Seas as myself; nor that there ever was so peaceable and mild a Being as you are, who made another feel so many Storms.

There really is something remarkable in such Weather at this Time of the Year. We are prepared for Winter Tempests and equinoctial



Blasts—but now laid down in the soft Lap of Spring, to have such unceasing Hurricanes, for Five or Six Days together, was as little to be expected as an Earthquake.

They tell me, by way of Comfort, that the Wind is directly against you, and that when it changes its Fury may abate, and that it will not have Time enough to chase itself into another Fit of Rage before you are safe landed.

I know all this While what a poor Simpleton I am for writing all this Stuff, as you must be quite out of Danger before this can reach you. But my poor shattered Nerves and sleepless Brain are crammed with Apprehensions that I cannot conquer.

Colonel B—— has been so kind as to offer to recommend Harry to the Patronage of Sir G—— C—— who is Chairman to the India Company, to have him sent out in any advantageous Station in their Service, if we should approve of such a Provision for him.

You may be sure I did not hesitate to answer for us both, though the poor foolish Mother's Heart belied her Tongue, when she pronounced Assent. My sweet Boy! Though he is delighted at the Thoughts of going any-where—yet, when he talked of leaving us, a tender Tear stole down his

his honest Cheek—mine flowed, just as they do at this Moment.

I have wiped my Eyes, and hope that their Effusion will not be ungrateful to Providence; for, if this Event should be compassed, though I may grieve, I shall rejoice. Poor Harry, sanguine as his dear Father, looks upon the whole Affair as already fixed, and has desired to learn French and Mathematics directly, which I readily complied with, if you approve.

Adieu, my dearest Harry, I shall not be in Spirits to write, or do any Thing else that is pleasant, till I am satisfied that you are safe and well in dirty Dublin—that is poor Spite; for I most heartily wish myself there along with you—  
“Thence never to return to Greece again.”

*Yours! Yours! Yours!*

FRANCES.

P. S. I did write to you at Chester—indeed I did.

## LETTER DCXLIX.

HENRY to FRANCES

*Holyhead.*

WE were called up at Two this Morning to take the Benefit of the Sands, as they term it, from Conway to Penmanmaur; and we passed them without the Hazard of my last Adventure between Sea and Land.

We took in a Passenger from Conway that increased the Irksomeness of the Journey hither: He is a prating Man, who, through the mere Dint of Stupidity, has become a Joker—of all Characters the most disagreeable. He would, however, have afforded Entertainment to another Sort of Person, as he ruffled the Gravity of *Square*, my Philosopher, and perplexed the Fanaticism of the *Sybills*, or *Trembleurs*: But all this was extremely dull to me. I enjoy the Wit, but not the Folly of other People.

Our Friend *Square* is a tedious Kind of a scrupulous Man—do you recollect the Expression? Who challenges every Thesis, and argues by Rule, without the least Submission to Reason: He is in his Person and Manners, an equal Mixture of

Mr.

Mr. ——— and ——— he has more than *the Knowledge of One, and Twice—is that possible? —the Ignorance of the other.*

But there was One horrid Humour he indulged himself in all along the Road, which was the more provoking, as it seemed to be quite out of his Cast of Character. He returned the Barking of every Village Cur that encountered us, and used to keep up the Altercation, till both the Puppies grew hoarse with yelping.

I expressed my Uneasiness often at this most stupid Folly; but he abated it not. It is possible he might have thought of me, as the Frenchman did of Prior, who was offended at the Paris Audience for screaming in Chorus with the Opera Voices—*Peut-être que Monsieur ne l'aime pas la Musique.*

I walked from Penman to Bangor—of all the foolish Vices in the World, there is nothing that surprizes and provokes me so much as the Passion that the common People have for defacing the Numbers on the Mile-stones: It is so mortifying and fatiguing a Disappointment to the wearied Traveller—I would gibbet the Scoundrels alive upon the Spot; and when they *asked for Bread, give them the Stone.*

On



On this Side of Bangor, the Coachman stopped suddenly short, in the Midst of a full Career, which knocked all our Heads together : It was to save a lame Goslin, that was limping across the Road ; and he waited till it had waddled up to the Rest of the Clutch, on the other Side of the Way. I was charmed with the Idea of the Fellow upon this Occasion ; but being no *sentimental Traveller*, I shall display no more *Gosfanity* on the Subject.

On the Road, as I walked this Morning, I perceived at some Distance a Man stalking toward me dressed in a bright Blue Suit of Cloaths, which appeared to be richly laced with Silver : As we approached nearer to each other, I observed a Riband placed across his Shoulder, and on his Breast a blazing Star diffused its Rays around.

This must certainly be some Order of *the Leek*, instituted by my great Grandfire *Lewellen*, the last King of Wales, said I, in the Vanity of my Heart, and consequently must be prior to the Knights of the Garter, created by Edward the Third.

When we met, I found the Silver Lace to dwindle into white Worsted Galloon, the Riband of the same, and the Star suspended by it, a Piece of black Leather, upon which were im-  
pressed,



pressed, in large Silver Characters, these words,  
*The Rat-catcher.*

I grew instantly sick of Titles, ashamed of  
Ensigns of Distinction, and trotted on my Road  
a private Man—which may be deemed the Post  
of Honour in such Times as these.

The Circumstances of my Disorder, you know,  
prevent me from breakfasting, or dining on the  
Road: This Abstinence passed unnoticed, through  
England, except at One of the Morning, or  
Noon Inns I stopped at, where I heard the  
Waiter say to his Mistress, the Moment I came in,  
O Madam! here's the Man that never eats.

But my Welch Hosts have found a Way to be  
even with me, by charging me all along for Meat  
and Drink I never tasted: As Jenny Diver says  
of old Fellows, *we make them pay for what they  
cannot do.* At our last Stage, I called in an old  
Beggar Woman, and gave her a plentiful Meal,  
telling the Landlord that she was *my Stomach.*

We have had very *tornado* Weather almost ever  
since I left London, but the Storm has ceased to  
a perfect Calm all this Day. The Wind keeps  
its Mind to itself, nor is there the least Rumour,  
or even Whisper Abroad, which Way it is inclined  
at present. The Town is full of Passengers: It  
is always so, I think.

Does

Does not Swift call his *Stella Sirrah*, in some of the last Publications?

Adieu then, thou First Sirrah of the World.

*Your own Scoundrel,*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCL.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Holyhead.*

**N**O Prospect yet of sailing. General C—— is here just returned from the East Indies, with a Million of Rupees, for aught I know—with all my Heart, he is welcome to them: He is a Man of Sense, Knowledge, and Literature, and has been very polite and obliging to me here.

The *fife* Tone and gingling Accent of the Welch Speech, is so peculiar, that it always catches my Ear, whenever I come into this Country—their kindest Expressions sound so like scolding, that a Foreigner might be tempted to rush into a Room and part Two Lovers, which would, I think, be worse than interfering between Man and Wife.

It

It is natural, I suppose, for Persons bred among Mountains to speak in *Alt*: Their Language, I believe, was formed at the Building of *Babel*, when the Workmen were obliged to scream from the Top to the Bottom of the Tower: From whence *babelling*, vulgarly spelt *babbling*, may have been derived: And it retains that quarrelous Shrillness still that it was natural for the Masons to express, when instead of Mortar the Labourers brought them Stones. It is to be hoped that Heaven will make some Allowance for the Welch Manner of Speech, for it sounds so much like cursing and swearing, that these poor People may be damned for saying their Prayers.

What makes this Kind of Vibration the more irksome to my Ear at present is, that the Bards have *hung up their Harps on the Willows* ever since I have been in this Country; for I have not heard a Cambrian Lyre since I came into this ancient Seat of the Druids.

I have not been well these Three Days. I take my Powders daily, and my Laudanums nightly—but my Medicines, as Swift says of the Elements at Quilca, *have lost their Uses*. Physic binds me, and Opiates cannot induce Sleep. I have consulted a little Apothecary here, who dignifies himself with the Title of Surgeon  
and

and Man-midwife—the common Stile, in all Country Towns. *Rat-catcher*. And upon some Discourses about my Disorder, he has pronounced it to be Worms.

He told me he had cured a Lady, in this Country, of the same Distemper in every Symptom with mine; and after a tedious Process had conquered a Worm of the most extraordinary Structure I ever saw; for he shewed it to me preserved in a Phial, and means to send it up to the Royal Society.

It is as big, and something like a Garden-slug: It has a Hood on it, which resembles a Shagreen Case, that it could cover its Head in, and so close it up, that no internal Medicine could affect it: This is a new and puzzling Discovery in Philosophy, that Nature should arm and shield a Worm against the Life of Man!

The Way it was conquered at last was by the Quantities of Gum Medicines taken, the Animal was so clogged, that it could not slip on its Helmet to defend itself from the other Drugs that killed it. To hit on the Disorder, they say, is Half the Cure; and if this same Man-midwife can deliver me of this *Adder in my Bosom*, I may well quote the Proverb of *It is an ill Wind, &c.* if no Wind can be called so—and should have good Reason,



Reason, indeed, to say, that this would be *Holy-head* to me, with a Witness.

He speaks very modestly, and pretends to no *Nostrum*, but thinks that he has guessed my Disease from particular and mere accidental Experience which he happened to have had in such Cases, when he was in India, from whence he is but lately returned; and told me honestly, that the common Course of Worm Powders, he thought, might effect my Cure, without any further Prescription from him. I shall consult my good Friend Doctor Quin upon this Subject, as soon as I get to Dublin.

They publish odd Advertisements in England—I send you One I cut out of the Chester Paper as I passed through—did you ever hear of such Requisites in a Postilion? A lively Girl, in that Town, said, that if she was to advertise for a Husband, this is the very Man, in all Particulars, that she would choofe.

Just going supperless to Bed—the Wind asleep in the West. Blessings to my Children, and Love to my Wife, says their affectionate Father, and her fond Husband,

HENRY.

LETTER



## LETTER DCLI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

WITH great Pleasure I received the Journals of my dear Henry's Travels, which are extremely lively and entertaining, and to the full as *sentimental* as good Sense and *unvarnished* Method will admit of—.

There is really something very remarkable in the Variety of your Letters, dated from the same Places, and written upon the very same Subjects. I think I may venture to say, that there are no Two Paragraphs alike in any of those I have ever received from you upon any of your multifarious Peregrinations; and yet the Objects and Subjects have been and still are exactly the same. O why, sad Fate! am I not at Liberty to travel with you?

I know not what to say about your Worm Doctor. Your Disorder is certainly of a very peculiar Kind, which has hitherto baffled all the Powers of Physic, and must therefore proceed from some extraordinary Cause, not yet brought within the Books of the Faculty.

But

But by what wonderful Chance has this same *Baby-catcher* been able to have discovered these little Animals that torment you? I do not think that his particular Art can give him a greater Insight into your Stomach, than the Many who have endeavoured to remove your Complaint before, alas! in vain. However, as he prescribes no quack Medicine, I think you ought to attend to his Hint, under the Directions of Doctor Quin; and I beg that you will send me the Result of your First Conference upon this so material a Subject.

I am really astonished at the amazing Spirit with which you are enabled to sustain the Languor of Fasting, joined to the Fatigues of Travelling. I think, nothing less than the Kingdom of Ireland should tempt me to take such frequent Journeys there upon the same irksome Terms.

I fancy you will have had some Time to recruit yourself at *Holyhead* before you go to Sea; for the Wind seems still to continue in the same perverse Point that it has ever done since you set out. However, I shall direct this Letter to Dublin, for you know that I am not One of those happy Genius's who are apt to go much upon *Speculation*.

My

My daily Guide, my nightly Monitor, and my silent Companion is come home from the *Watch-maker's*: I thank you for this Present, my Love; it looks well, and I hope it will perform so; if not, I know how to regulate its Motions, without setting a Finger to it; should it go too slow, I need but think on thee; and if too fast, explore the Interval of Absence.

It has been a great Comfort to me as I have lived much at home and alone since you went, being very busy in proceeding with my Novel, which is advancing towards *Finis, à la hâte*; you know how fast I write, when I can bring my lazy Bones to sit down to it.

I wish it was finished, for I am in Haste to have done with it, in order to have done also with scribbling for Life. I will lay out the Purchase-money of this Work upon some devious Cottage at the snug Foot of some Hill, and turn Hermit there for Life: There will I practise my *grand Nezstrum*, my \* *Elixir Vitæ*, upon the few *Saints* of the Earth, extend their Lives to a Patriarch's Age, and forestal the *Millenium* about Two hundred Years before its Time.

I ask Pardon for that Paragraph in my Letter to Chester that has given you Offence—but I am

\* See Letter cccviii.

a fond Woman, which, in other Words, is a weak One; and Fondness is naturally jealous.

Every Thing, and every Body you know here, are, I believe, just as you left them—I can, at least, answer for myself, as I remain unalterably yours,

FRANCES.

P. S. Your Children dutify you. Have you got an Handkerchief of mine among your Linen? I have just missed One, and if I do not make an immediate Enquiry, my Maids will think it a sufficient Answer, to say, O, that was lost *a great while ago*.

---

## LETTER DCLII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I AM truly mortified at the disagreeable Delay you have met with; but I hope, and believe, by my not hearing from you last Post, that you are safe landed in Dublin long before this. One Circumstance that pleased and surprized me in your Letters, was your talking of the Mildness of your latter Weather, which, in our Latitude, has continued all Storm and Tempest.

Our



Our Hopes with regard to the India Scheme are at an End. Colonel B—— tried like a Friend, but could not serve us. I am sorry, therefore, that it ever happened to be mentioned, as it is a Disappointment to the best Boy in this, or any other *possible World*.

Colonel B—— has kindly proposed another Scheme for our dear Child, if you consent to it; which is, to have him received into Sir J—— D——'s Bank, to act as a Clerk there, so as to keep him employed in Business, till Providence may offer some better Overture for the Establishment of his Fortunes. I made no Reply, but Acknowledgments of Gratitude, and wait your sole Determination in this Matter.

I see in this Day's Paper, that new Levies are talked of to be raised in Ireland—surely, my dear Harry has Interest enough there to get his Son a Commission among them. He is advancing fast toward the Prime of Life, from which Goal both you and I are as fast retreating. You should, and therefore will, exert yourself.

The World is oddly compounded—made up of Two opposite Sorts of People: Those who are too forward, and those that are too backward, to solicit for themselves. You are among *the Few* I need not name the Class. But endeavour to consider



consider this request, as *asking for another*, and perhaps it may rouse the same Spirit in you that I have known so active upon such Occasions.

Our poor dear little Fanny Ch—is in a Fever; and her Mother (as becomes her) is almost distracted. I have promised to go to her this Day, though my Love both for the Mother and the Child will render me but an unprofitable Companion to her.

I have just received a Letter from - - - -

- - - - -  
- - - - -  
- - - - -

I wish it was in my Power to assist them, *mais, belas ! c'est une chose impossible !* I wish I could adopt Pangloss's System of Philosophy. But while I feel myself, and see almost every Creature I know unhappy, I cannot believe, *that this is the best of all possible Worlds.*

I received a very kind and polite Letter from our Right Reverend Friend last Pacquet. I am heartily sorry that I am not able to accept the hospitable Invitation he has given me to go over. But, like a poor miserable Vegetable, I must remain fixed to One Spot, and perish there for want of Sun and Air.

We have wretched Weather here. I am shivering by the Fire-side, while the *May-maids* are but

mere *mummers*, and have plucked their Garland from *the Glastonbury Thorn*. It must have been a very different Climate from this, when the Poet wished *that every Month was May*.

Pray *recollect yourself*, were not the Seasons more natural when we were young? That Question seems to be asked by *an elderly Gentl woman*; but really, I think, that a manifest Difference between our late and former Summers must be obvious to Persons of Five-and-twenty.

Adieu, *my Zodiac!* in whom, both Light and Warmth are equally eminent; and who have neither grown dull or cold, in Process of Time, like *the old Sign of the Sun* above hinted at.

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DCLIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Clontarf.*

**T**WO Days weathering an adverse Wind! Six Leagues off, a fishing Vessel came in sight, was haled, and took us on Board; for the Pacquet could get no further. We then failed  
for

for Dunlary, but were forced toward Malahide: But falling into low Water, the Sloop struck aground, and a small Boat came out, and landed us on the Defarts of Howath late last Night. Thus, like other rare Importations, I may boast to have *come over in Three Ships*.

Not a Bed to be had in the Town; nor a Horse to be hired. I walked away hither, about Six Miles, and arrived under this hospitable Roof at Eleven o'Clock.—Bespeak me a Statue of *Juno hospitalis* from *Scheemaker* directly, which I will have erected before this Door, and dedicated to the most excellent Matron of the Mansion. He will not charge *you* any Thing for it, as all the Arts and Sciences are Brothers and Sisters of the same Family, you know.

How I suffered at Sea!—would be fatiguing to describe: If this be going *abroadly broady*, commend me to staying at Home, I say—ay, and swear it too. After the various Harrassments of travelling, fasting, dull Company, and Pain, to enter immediately upon another Labour, the Voyage, to me not only the most irksome, but the most dangerous Part of the Whole too, both to my Life and Health—to quit a Person, in whose Society alone I may be said to have Life, for an *Age* of Months, be they ever so *few*, out of the

scanty Portion which Time, or still more severe Distemper, may permit our Co-existence — can this ever be my Choice? Ungrateful! — my Tears flow, while I write this Paragraph. And yet I rejoice that you had stronger Eyes, or a firmer Heart, when you hinted it to me at parting. —

———“ To One, that cares for thee  
 “ And for thy Maintenance, commits his Body  
 “ To painful Labour, both by Sea and Land!  
 “ To watch the Night in Storms, the Day in Cold,  
 “ While thou liest warm at Home, secure and safe,  
 “ And craves no other Tribute at thy Hands,  
 “ But Love, fair Looks, and true Obedience.”

Our former Separations, you used kindly and justly, to impute to Necessity, not Choice. I am alarmed at finding your Opinion altered in so material a Point.

*Adieu, my dearest Life! Your still wearied Vagabond,*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCLIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I HAD the Pleasure of a Letter from you, that had landed here before me. I am much obliged to Colonel B—— for his Kindness to Harry. What pleases me most, in this Matter, is to see the Regard of Friends that he has himself so artlessly made; for, as to the Event itself, I expect as little from it, as from Governor Bellamy's former Scheme of the same Kind. I spoke of this Matter to General C——, and he says, that it requires a considerable Interest, and a good deal of Money to compass such an Emolument as the One in Prospect.

You may perceive from this, that I am not so apt to be sanguine as you hint. Nor, indeed, was it, at any Time of my Life, a Part of my Character: But then, again, I am as little apt to despond, and perhaps, for that very Reason. I have long contracted a certain philosophic Apathy, that always preserves my Mind in an happy Medium, equally distant from Expectation and Despair. God send us Success, and bless my dear Wife, and less dear Children, though never Father loved them better.



I have been very well, thank God, ever since I have recruited from the Fatigues of Journey, Voyage, and Fasting; therefore have not been to wait upon the Doctor yet: You know, this is my Way. I think with Hartley, in the *old Bachelor*, with a Parody on his Words, upon a pleasanter Subject, that it is Time enough to take Physic when One has had the Provocation.

Mr. J—— came to see me Yesterday, and his Praises and Professions really distressed me. I wish he would realize a little of the Latter, to make One some Amends for encumbering me with the Remainder. But he is a weak, warm, fond Man, and feels more than he remembers.

You may see by One of the inclosed Advertisements, of what Consequence an Irish Labourer thinks himself. The other Paragraph is truly a most extraordinary One: I think, it would actually put a Man quite out of Conceit with committing Murder: And really, at this Rate, One might be *tempted* to imagine Adultery itself a less Crime, which I hope you never thought before.

Apropos. Because you are a good Girl now, I will treat you with a greater Sin than either, namely, Suicide.

I was

I was at Mr. Meheux's House in Aungier-street Yesterday Morning, when we were alarmed with a sudden Shriek in the Street: A very handsome well dressed young Woman had just then thrown herself out of the Middle-floor Window; almost opposite to us.

Two Men luckily passing by, had Time to break her Fall, and prevent her being staked alive on the Iron-spiked Rails of the House. She was brought back senseless into her own House again by the Neighbours; blooded, put into a Chair, and guarded home to her Father's.

She is One of the handsome Daughters of Mr. ———, and had been married about Two Years ago to an Attorney: Either Madness or Jealousy had seized him at this Time—He snapped a Pistol at her, and she threw up the Window—he cocked it again, and out she flew.

Mr. F——— was by when I read your Letter. He asked me what News? I gave it to him to peruse, and when he returned it, Well Harry, said he, you have neither the First, nor the Second blessing of Life; but I really think that no Man alive enjoys more of the Third. He was right, except in not deeming it, as I do, the First.

*Adieu, my Blessing!*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCLV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

I RECEIVED a Letter from you this Evening. You flatter me extremely, by the Approbation you bestow upon my Letters. There must be a Variety in all my Descriptions, as well as in yours. We have neither of us any *Querpo* in our Writings, any more than in our Manners: We write as we happen to be affected at the Time; and the same Situations, Circumstances, or Things, strike us differently at different Times, and in different Dispositions both of Body and Mind.

There cannot be a stronger Instance of this, with regard to myself, than the Two Histories of my Life; One stiled *A Legacy to my Friends*, and the other *My Memoirs*, which run parallel to each other, from first to last, without coinciding in any Part of the Description, and where the same Circumstances are related in so different a Manner in each, that a Reader might certainly take them to refer to different Persons, and could only say, *they are equally unfortunate.*

I am

I am glad to hear your new Watch is gone home. I did not expect it would have *gone so fast*, as I had paid for it so long before-hand. But I was afraid of *losing Time*—your Time, more especially. And I deposited the Cash, the Moment I got it, lest I might not have had it when the Work was finished.

A Watch is certainly, as you say, a Companion to a Person who sits alone. I believe no Person alive makes more Use of One than I do, who is so little formal. I eat, drink, sleep, walk, ride, read, and write, by my Watch: *Pereunt et imputantur*, is an alarming Motto!

Mine fell out of my Fob on a flagged Floor, at Mrs. Arthor's the Day before I left Holyhead. Could not I have squeezed an ill Omen out of such an Incident? Let us try the Augury of this Matter: Is not a Watch the Measure of Time? And is not Death the End of it? *Time and Tide waiteth for no Man*. Observe now, that I have got possession of *Tide*.

This naturally, or metaphorically, no Matter which, for the present, enters me fairly upon the Ocean. The Sea is an Emblem of Eternity. Attend now to the *Scrives*: My *Time* fell to the Ground—my Time is my Life; ergo, if there be Science in Soothsaying, it must have logically

followed that I was to have been swallowed up in the Deep, on my Voyage, *illi robur, et æs triplex*, who would have ventured to set Sail after such Reflections as these !

However, my Watch did actually fall to the Ground, but lighting on its Edge, happened to sustain no other Damage, than that the poor little Animal received such a Shock in its Spirits, that it went irregularly, sometimes stopping, sometimes running on, for a few Days after its Alarm ; but it has at length recovered *the Spring* of its Nerves again. It is now, let me see, exactly Five Minutes after Nine. What are you ?

I send you inclosed a fine Piece of Irony. The Author unknown. It is well written ; but I would not have you lay it by. The *treasuring* up of Scandal is no Part of the *Golden Rule*. Am not I *rich* in my Expression To-day ?

I have but just left Room in my Sheet to say,

*Adieu, my Life !*

HENRY.

LETTER



## L E T T E R DCLVI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

Answer to Letter DCLIII.

**T**HE sincere Joy I felt, at knowing you were safe landed, could scarcely compensate for the Pain your last Letter gave me. Believe me, I am but too severely affected by the Miseries and Fatigues you have passed through. I did not think I should ever have lived to be charged with Insensibility. Would to Heaven that the Accusation were just ! I have often wished, for your sake only, that I had less Tenderness for you, as it would render me less distressing to you ; besides enabling me to submit to the painful Necessity of our too frequent Separations, with less Regret than I have ever yet been able to do.

I had purposely avoided speaking upon the Subject of our last Parting, both before and since you left me, though I might perhaps, as you say, have thrown out some jealous Hint about the Matter. But since you seem still offended at my not acquiescing, *de bon cœur*, in our present Separation, I must beg Leave to declare my Sentiments freely to you upon that Occasion.

The very dangerous Situation of Health in which my dearest Harry had *so lately* returned from Ireland, *but scarce a Month, a little Month*, before, alarmed to Terror that Heart which lives but in his Life. I am perfectly convinced, that neither you, nor any other Person on Earth, would, or can, have the same Attention to your Disorder that I have. It must certainly then, be a dreadful Circumstance to me to have you removed at such a Distance from me, at a Time when I thought you stood so much in need of a watchful and tender Nurse.

But had there been any apparent Necessity for your leaving me now, or at any Time, though it could not have lessened my Regret, it might have rendered it less poignant. I thank your Justice for acknowledging this ever to be the Case before. Excuse me, if I thought the Occasion not so very urgent in the present Case. If your Attendance had been really necessary now, I should think you would have received a Second Summons after the doubtful Answer you had before returned to the First.

Under this Idea, I do confess, that it hurt both my Love and Pride, to observe your Promptness to set out; as if your Friend's Supineness, *in*  
*his*

*his own Business*, had been an additional Motive to your Activity. Will my Heart's dear Harry pardon the Anxiety that arises from my true Fondness for him? Or could, or ought he to forgive me, if I did not feel Resentment, Suspicion, and Regret, from supposing that he would voluntarily leave me at any Time? Believe me, Harry, as I think I told you Once before, *that the First Sceptic in the World was a Lover.*

But I ask Pardon—indeed I do, from my poor foolish Heart.—Nor are my Eyes at present quite so strong as you unkindly seem to imagine them. I have this Moment *kissed the Rod*, by putting my Lips to those cruel Words—O! do the same by mine, my Love, and let us break each other's Hearts no more.

I am impatient to hear Doctor Quin's Opinion on your Welch *Æsculapius's* Surmise. Our dear Fanny Ch—— is out of Danger. My Compliments, and sincere good Wishes to Mr. F—— and all your Friends.

*Adieu, my dearest Life! I am with the truest  
and tenderest Affection, your contrite Peni-  
tent, and faithful Wife,*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DCLVII.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.*Dublin.*

I RECEIVED my dear Fanny's dear Letter.— Words are too inanimate to answer it. It required both Action and Attitude. I bent a Knee, and kissed it.

I take the Inclosed to be of your bettermost Kind of Purfes: A distressed Gentlewoman makes them. I bought it for Charity, and present it for Love. Examine, and you will find it worth Twenty Pounds Sterling, as by *these Presents* all Men may know.

I would send you a Pinch of Snuff under the same Cover, but for fear of hurting the Gloss of your *Bit of Blue*.—Next Post shall carry you over some; and so *ensuite* till I can find an Opportunity of sending you a Canister.

Apropos—R——— laughed at me about the many Packets, or *Pacquets* rather, of Snuff I had taken and given the Trouble of sending and franking to him lately, as Hardman's Rappée is sold in many Places here, by Commission from himself.

This

This I knew before, and mentioned to Mrs. R——— when she was giving me the Parcels—— but she would not listen to me : I love her the better for it. I have a Soul, that is—you and I have One between us, that delights in fond Follies. What subtile Platonic Fibre it is that connects such Hearts with the amorous Seraphim—— can never be investigated till we shall be able to see the Vibration in Unison above.

I am heartily sorry that my Forecast about the India Scheme should be so fully proved by the Event. I thought it, indeed, but a *golden Dream* from the First. I shall be very happy in having Harry entered into any of the Branches of such an established Bank as you mention : He is every Way qualified for such an Office ; writes a good Hand ; has a complete Knowledge of Accompts ; is perfectly honest ; and knows that *Substraction* ought never to be made use of but with *the Pen* : Thus proceed we in our Train still, only changing the *golden Dream* for the *golden Rule*. Pray return my Thanks and Acceptance to our kind Friend Colonel B———.

Do not tell me any more of ——'s, or ——'s Difficulties, or of any other Distress of any Kind, which it may not be in my Power to relieve. If Fanny Ch—— recovers, say so, if not, O ! be silent.

I spoke



I spoke to Quin about my poor *worm-eaten* Carcass. He says, the Trial will be prudent, and the Medicines safe: So that I am now returned to my Second Childhood, and put into a Course of Vermifuges for these Six Weeks to come.

I laughed, as I ever do, in Misfortunes, and said to him, that they were *greedy Worms* surely, that could not wait till I was dead for their Food: But they are Jews, I suspect, and make it a Conscience to *kill their own Meat*.

Well, “ A Pinch of Snuff to kill the Worms;  
—— “ A Glas of Wine to drown them.”

But no &c. for me, as upon Honour I will not finish the Rest of the Stanza, till I hold my dear Fanny in my Arms again.

I was going to say, *Adieu!* But think the last Sentence would be better closed with,

*Good Night, Love!*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCLVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THOUGH I received no Letter from my dear Harry last Post, I can always find something to say to him ; for however the Head may fail, the Heart is inexhaustible ; and I have ever found a Pleasure in scribbling, no Matter what to him, from the fond Idea of his being pleased to hear from me.

I am struck off from my Hermitage ; my Millennium ; my grand Nostrum, &c. and instead of practising my *Elixir Vitæ*, am put to try a Chimeræ almost as great, *to eke out Life with Fame*. So far, so unintelligible. But Mr. G—— has presented me with the new French Comedy, called *Eugenie*, to try my Hand upon for this Winter. The Story is taken from a Novel of the Count de Belfor, in *le Diable Boiteux*.

I think it a very pretty Piece, but that it will require great Labour and Contrivance to adapt it for our Stage. Some Characters must be altered, and some others introduced : But I sincerely thank him for his Friendship, and have been busy about forming *the Skeleton* of the Drama all this Morning.

I do

I do not much like what I have yet attempted in it ; One Part seems to fall foul upon another. Have you ever thought so long and intently upon a Subject, as to let it quite escape you, and leave your Mind in a State of Chaos ? I have done so, at present, with this plaguy *Skeleton* ; which, like a *Spectre*, haunts me still ; but when I would lay hold of it, flits from the Touch.

Observe, that I have received but One Letter from my dear Truant since his landing in Ireland ; and please to observe, also, that I am only *sorry*, not *angry*, at a Disappointment which it might have been in his Power to prevent.

*Adieu, my dearest Harry ! I long impatiently  
to hear from you ; and am, with unalterable  
Affection, ever yours,*

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DCLIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

THE Circumstance of *Eugenie* pleases me extremely ; and I am much obliged to Mr. G—— for his Kindness towards you. Since he has done any Thing for you, I doubt not your being able to do every Thing for yourself. I am sorry though to hear you say that it will be a Work of Labour, for I well knew your Genius to be greater than your Pains. However, I candidly allow the Latter to be indefatigable—nay, to the last Degree surprizing, considering the dissipated Kind of Life you lead, and are under a Sort of Necessity of leading.

I am *sorry* that my Letters do not pass on to you in their due Course : But am *angry* at that Passage in your Last. Why would you allude back again to a Subject which should either be forgot, or but *kindly remembered* between us ? I declare, that my First Letter had quite passed out of my Recollection, till your charming Reply had renewed it to my Mind, with so much Advantage to yourself.

And indeed, the best Measure for us both to observe, upon all future Occasions of the same  
Kind

Kind (if any such may ever possibly recur) will be to take not the least Notice of that Letter, in which any Manner of Jealousy, Mistake, or Discontent may hereafter be expressed on either Side; and then all Altercation which but tends to inflame, will be prevented between us: So that by intermitting a Post sometimes, we may prevent the *Intermitting of a Pulse also*.

I happen to have a Vacancy of a Week or Ten Days in my Possession at present; and I mean to spend that Interval on a Visit to some Friends and Relations, both of yours and mine, at Downe Patrick; for which Place I design to set out Tomorrow Morning.

I shall go no further than Drogheda the First Day. I never make forced Marches. The *Law* computes a *reasonable Day's* Journey to be about Twenty Miles\*; I think, therefore, that it is contrary both to Law and Reason to travel further between Sun and Sun.

*Adieu, my Love! Yours,*

HENRY.

P. S. I am to bring up a Voter of C—— on my Return to Dublin.

\* See Bracton.

LETTER



## LETTER DCLX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I THINK, I can never be sufficiently thankful to you for the Pleasure which your unaffectedly kind Letters give me. Though I feel the strongest Impatience at every Delay of the Pacquets, I confess, I am sometimes doubtful whether I should receive the same Degree of Happiness from your Letters, if they came regularly, as when my Treasure is encreased by my being put into Possession of a Number of them together. So *Pleasure* comes through *Bliss delayed*: There is a Parody for you. You may see the Height of my Spirits, by the chearful Turn I have given extempore to an old melancholy Line \*.

I received Three Letters from you Yesterday, and held your Purse and its Contents cheap, compared to them; and so I should have done a Thousand Turkish ones, in Comparison of that Love and Kindness which dictated them.

Your Fanny is a poor Slave. I have been writing in my little Dressing Room since Eight o'Clock this Morning, to the present Hour of

\* " So *Mourning* comes through *Bliss conveyed*."

Four, and my Fingers are as much cramped as my Genius, which are equally tired at present.

But what makes the Labour still more severe upon me, is my Apprehensions that my Friend may not approve of what I am doing after all : But even this Reflection shall not make me idle, for I know there is One who will applaud my Industry at least ; and will love me for it, though it should fail.

Mr. R—— has made Mrs. B—— an Offer of his House at Windsor for a Month, and she has asked me to *take the Air* with her there for that Time. I am strongly tempted to go, as I want both Air and Exercise. I can write there more free from Avocation, and shall be nearer to Mr. G—— if Difficulties should occur. What do you say ? Silence gives Consent—I will do it : This is the Way People generally ask, and take Advice.

I am called to Dinner, and Harry looks hungry, so that I have but just Time to subscribe myself—  
have Patience Child—faithfully and fondly yours.

FRANCES.

LETTER

## LETTER DCLXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Drogheda, Friday Night.**My dear* CORRESPONDENT,

THE Account of this Day's *No-journey* will tire you from the Tedioufness of it : Set out in the Stage at Eight ; stopped at Swords, Six Miles, to Breakfast ; came on to Balrothery, Eight Miles, to Dinner, and there took a *Relay* of Four Horses, to *delay* us the Remainder of the Road, Seven Miles to this Town, where we arrived rather before Eight Eight o'Clock this Evening.

I walked most of their Bating-time as usual, and have but just eat my *Three Meals* at Once, like a Second *Cerberus*, and drank your Health at the Hazard of my own, in some *hellish* Port.

As I finish all my Expeditions, or *Dilatories* (as this Last may be called) before I eat, I may be compared to the Heroes of Homer, of whom Prior says,

All that we know, and all we find,  
Is that they did their work, and din'd.

This

This is a bad Way, however, if it could be helped. I get Wind in my Stomach by fasting, and after I have eat, I feel myself bursting like a Cow hoven with Clover.

The Dundalk Coach is to take me up here To-morrow, for it passes through earlier than the Newry Machine, which is to take me on when the other sets me down. Did you ever hear of an Expedition performed before, by Relays of Stage Coaches? However, this Contrivance gives me a Breakfast here, and a Dinner at Dundalk; neither of which I could have had Leisure to digest, had I come through from Dublin in the Newry *Fly*, as it is called, I suppose, because it goes about as fast as a *Fly* upon a *Cart-wheel*.

I have some Relations in this Town that I love extremely, but I am not at Leisure for them this Evening.

*Good Night.*

*Dundalk, Saturday Morning.*

Got up, as usual, before Six o'Clock, and threw open my Window for Air. At a Stable just opposite, I saw Horses advertised for Hire. The Day was fine. I drew on my Boots; mounted One of them; bilked the Stage; and titupped my Hobby-horse hither, Eighteen Miles, as happy as a School-boy on a Holyday.

I am

I am just sitting down to Breakfast, which has, I assure you, required some Address to come at; my Ride and Freedom from Pain had given me a good Appetite, and vast Spirits. The Moment I alighted, I called for Milk, Brandy, Water, Sugar, Nutmeg, Biscuit, and a raw Egg, all in a Breath, *brusquement*.

The Landlord is fat, the Hostess deaf, the Waiter stammers, and the Wench is barefoot, and steps as leisurely as if she were not used to it. My Briskness threw them all into Confusion, Hurry, and Stare; and I could neither get an Answer, nor any of the Articles I called for. There happened to be a lively little Girl about Six Years old, playing in the Hall; I called her to me, and made her my Friend, by the Means of some gilt Gingerbread that was selling at the Door.

I sent her about the House for every Thing I wanted, suffering her to call but for One Article at a Time, for fear of confusing the Family; and by teasing, scolding, praying, crying, and sometimes snatching, she has scraped together all the Materials I wanted, in a few Minutes, and will not suffer any One to attend me but her little busy prating Self; she has eat her Gingerbread, and is just now proceeding to a Desart of all the Sugar and Cream I have left.



I am, thank God, much better this Week or Ten Days than I have been for these Six Months past, without changing Heberden's Prescriptions, and even intermitting his Opiate. I have not entered upon my *Vermicles* yet, nor shall I till I feel those *Shylocks* begin to rip me up again like Milton's Sin and Death.

— "For when they lift into the Womb

"That bred them, they return and howl, and gnaw

"My Bowels, their Repast."

The less Medicine we take the better, even where Relief is wanting. The best Drugs but *tinker* a Constitution; for the very Cordials we apply to the rotten Part of us, injures that which is sound.

I put on a Stomach Plaster, by the Prescription of Quin, a few Days before I left Dublin; it was not a Blister, like my former, but designed for other good Purposes of Physic. I was obliged to throw it off To-day, as it seemed to answer no End, except to make me itch intolerably—enough to make me tear the Flesh—I was going to say, off my Back; and now that I have got into the *Prurient* North, I may possibly have enough of such Amusement, you know, for Nothing.

*Good Night again, sweet Love.*

Newry, Saturday Even.

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCLXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Downe Patrick, Sunday Even.*

I WAS too much tired to write to you from Newry last Night. I travelled from Dundalk with a Farrago of Passengers; there was an Englishman among them who had never seen any Turf before; he asked me what the People were cutting the Earth for: I answered, that they were making Bricks: He said, that he had never seen such black Mold made use of for that Purpose: But I satisfied him, by saying that it would turn to a *Flame Colour* in the Burning.

A Single-horse Chaise from Cousen Mathewes's met me there; I had wrote for it from Dublin. This Morning I arose at Five o'Clock, and strutted away through Alps and Appenines for several Miles before the Carriage overtook me. I was uneasy in my Stomach, because I could not get any Mint-water to take my *Heberdens* in. The unchristian, uncharitable Presbyterian Mundungus would not open his Shop, because it was Sunday. I thought that Hell, Chancery, a Fool's Mouth, the jealous Ear, and an Apothecary's shop, were always open.

I passed near the Mountains of Moran, and saw at a Distance that hospitable Roof under which you were received after your Shipwreck about Twenty Years ago; this Recollection brought you more particularly to my Mind at this Time, and I marched Hand and Heart with you every Step of the Way, from that *Æra* to this; often crying out, *O my dear Fanny!*—And amazed to remember so few Occasions in so long an Interval, for saying, *Fie, Mrs. G——*.

I was tired of guiding my Horse so intirely up Hill and down Hill, without a Yard of level Road to drive in, and made the Servant lead the Chari through the Remainder of Twenty-four wild Miles. Methought, in this Situation, that we resembled Matrimony—such as it should ever be. The Husband should hold the long Reins in his Hand, and *seem* to drive; it looks manly, and saves Appearances; but the Wife should always *underhand* be allowed to take the *leading Rein*, to conduct us pleasantly through the tedious Journey of Life; choosing her own Road, and Gaits, and *titupping her Hobby-horse about*.

I arrived hither before Dinner To-day, and was most cordially welcomed, and thanked for the kind Intention of a Visit promised and deferred for Nine or Ten Years, I think. How long  
have

have they been married?—I have met with some Company here; The Principals you know already; but there are Three Sisters of his in the House at present; a married One, and Two Maidens—all sensible and agreeable Women.

I am rather fatigued than otherwise.

*Adieu, my dear Fanny!*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCLXIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Downe Patrick.*

**I** FEEL myself more fatigued than I was when I came here; as Lord Grimston says, *I have rested my wearied Bones till wearied more they be.* I have contracted Ill-habits. The spring Carriages so universal in England, have rendered Irish Machines the Rack to me. I will only ride or walk for the future—these are the pleasantest Exercises, because they are the most natural Motions. Coaches and Ships are Contrivances of Art, which my Nature at least recoils at.



But the Machines in this Kingdom one might well suppose to have been constructed upon the severe Principles of some Spartan Legislator, in order to render *Laziness laborious*. No, no—I would sooner undergo the highest epic Difficulty, than suffer such *Machinery* to be interposed for my Relief again.

I have often remarked upon the uninvestigable Coincidence of Dreams and Circumstances. The Night I lay at Newry, I dreamed that I met Lady M—— in the same *Flower of Youth and Beauty's Pride* I had seen her about Thirty Years ago, and in the same Place, Stephen's Green, and in the very Spot too, passing the Cross-bars opposite to York-street.

I stopped at Castle-willien the next Morning in my Way hither, and the Moment I entered the Parlour of the Inn, my Eye was struck with a Representation of her, un B—— and un M——; and a stronger likeness than any of her Portraits: It was a Print of the Spring, among a different Set of the personified Seasons, from any I had ever seen before: Not only the Features, but the intire Air and Expression was remarkable, and completely filled the Idea of my Fore-night's *Foresight*.



Hold a Moment. There is a Letter from you just come in from the Post.

Yes, by all Means go to Windsor, for every One of the Reasons you give, or for no Reason at all, if you like it: This alone becomes a Reason with me. *The leading Rein* is in your own Hands, and I love following—not in order to drive, but to be led.

Windsor is nearer to Chester than London.  
*I will meet thee there.*

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

---

LETTER DCLXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Downe.*

I WAS To-day to visit St. Patrick's Tomb in this Town: He died at Armagh, but was buried here; upon which Account this Place has taken the Addition of *Patrick* to its Name: This is all the *News* in these Quarters.

I send you some Papers inclosed to amuse you. They are not worth laying by; but I snatch at every Thing that I think can divert you, even for a Moment; you are never out of my Thoughts or Intentions.

L 4

I saw

I saw a Letter here To-day from Dublin, which mentions great Changes that are soon expected among Persons in the high Employments. Be it so—great Men are like large Coins, and the Public benefit by their *Change*.

I am invited to spend a Week at a Gentleman's House near the Sea, where I might have the Benefit of bathing, if the Wind would *shift*, so as that I might venture to *unshift*. But an eastern Breeze with a northern Ocean, is a certain *Receipt*, not a *Recipe*, for an Ague.

I shall not go, as I have no Time to spare, and shall return to Town in a few Days, if I can contrive to reach it, between riding and walking; for you know how much I have declared against these Machines. There is such a Torture as *stageing* a Man to Death. And what is the being broke on *One Wheel*, to the being racked upon *Four*?

I desired you in a late Letter never to mention any Persons Distresses to me again. But I cannot help thinking of them myself; and they recur as frequently to my Mind ever since, as if I heard of them every Day. I never felt the Straitness of my own Fortune so strongly as since I have been made acquainted with the Narrowness of theirs.

I am

I am but an helpless Animal in myself, and need the Aid of all Mankind to render me happy. I cannot feel so, while I know One Person wretched. I am not upon an equal Footing with the World in these Particulars; for I rejoice not continually in another's good Fortune, but feel constantly, and without Abatement, for any One's Distress.

This Family salute you; so they did before, but I forgot it.

*Adieu, my more than Life! My Happiness!*

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

# LETTER DCLXV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dundalk, May 22,*

*No,*

*Drogheda, May 23.*

**I** QUITTED our agreeable Friends at Downe Yesterday with a good deal of Regret, and am riding and tying with myself up to Dublin as fast as I can hop, step, and jump. I sat down to write to you last Night at Dundalk, but had read my Eyes sore first, so went to Bed and dreamed of you.

The North is certainly a most pleasant Country to travel through in Summer : The Air is cooler ; the Hills, with which it much abounds, more breezy ; and the Number of Bleach Greens interspersed through the Vallies affords an additional Refreshment to the sultry Traveller.

This Latter, though, may be deemed rather One of the Pleasures of Imagination, than of Sensation :

“ For, who can bear a Fire within his Bosom,

“ By thinking on the frozen Caucasus ?

Do I quote these Lines right, or no ? No Matter :

“ It is done, and it cannot be holped.”

As I passed through a Village To-day, a chance Fellow-traveller pointed to a House where a Man had lately cut his Throat : He had been a Revenue Officer, who becoming old and infirm, had been removed, and consequently been reduced to *unusual* Poverty : These are melancholy Cases !

He had a Son, who had some Time before gone off to England *to seek his Fortune*, which he happened *to meet with* a little too abruptly. Irishmen are great Patriots, and seldom *live long* out of their own Country—Witness the many Monuments I mentioned to you in a former Letter :



Letter \*: On One of which he had been held in Suspence for a Quarter of an Hour, upon some knotty Point of Law.

These Two Circumstances concurred together to throw the poor old Man into Despair, which naturally run him into Distraction, so that his Suicide is fairly accounted for. But to shew you the Contagion of Vice, and the Influence of bad Example, a Woman in the same Town with him performed the same Manœuvre upon herself, about a Week after the former Event.

She had no Manner of Provocation, Necessity, or Temptation, urging her to this Act; she had lost no Bread; had mourned no Child; she was in Health, and Circumstances of Competence: It was a mere *gaité de cœur* in her; and very possibly she might never have taken such a *Frelie* into her Head, if the unhappy Man just mentioned had not given her the Hint.

There are certain Minds, to which Vice, by itself Vice, is sufficient Temptation: Suicide frequently, and another nameless Crime, are Instances of it: It is remarkable also, that when Persons happen to be possessed with such hellish Caprices (for I must not stile them *Passions*) they

\* Letter DLXV. First Paragraph.



are always more strongly affected by them than by any of the natural Appetites.

The Reason of which must be, that where Providence sprinkles its Seeds in Man, in the Affections of Mind and animal Matter in Cojunction, it appoints Reason the Husbandman, to rear the Plants, by weeding them, and checking a too wild Luxuriancy.

But with regard to the other Subjects, quos *Diabolus* vult perdere, dementat prius: Which Alteration of One Word, removes the Impiety of the common Expression, from the Truth of the general Observation; and which being interpreted, is, that *whenever the Devil puts a Thing into One's Head, he always takes Reason out of it.*

*Blessings, Loves, &c. and Adieu, my Frances,*  
*says her*

HENRY.

LETTER

## LETTER DCLXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Drogheda.

I THOUGHT to have left this Place To-day, but I reckoned without my Host. For I recollected, that I had an *Host* of Relations in this Town, whom I had both Curiosity and Goodwill enough to review, after an Interval of some Twenty or Thirty Years Estrangement.

I spent all this Morning among them, and I do assure you, that my Visit seemed a Vision to me, from the Appearance of some Ghosts among them, of Persons I imagined I had been long out of Mourning for.

The First Phantom that arose, was Mrs. H——, who died of a Decay, you remember, many Years ago, at Mallow: Since which, it seems, she has buried her strong Husband; married another, has popped him also, and is ready for a Third. When People once become Ghosts, you know, Death is over with them: This was her Case.

In

In the back Ground of the Scene might be obscurely descried, Grannam B——, the Progenitrefs of a *Quintessence* of Generations, both in Number and Beauty. *Hermippus Redivivus* is not so much a Fable, as I thought it. I fancied myself transported, like Æneas, in the Sixth Book of Virgil; and felt impressed with such a superstitious Awe, that I expected the Shades of Lady H—— and Sir. W—— every Minute to glide in among us, and see what Sort of a Grandson they had got of me.

They pressed me to dine with them, but I happened to be too hungry to take up with a *Mouthful of Moonshine*, an Elysian Whip Sillabub, or a Barmecides Feast\*; so I made an Apology; returned to my Inn; and am amusing myself with prating away to you, while some *Substantials* are getting ready for my Dinner.

An excellent NEW SONG.

To its own Tune.

First Part.

I know who will be left behind.

Second Part.

I know who will be left in the Lurch.

Finis.

\* Arabian Tales.

In fine, I have finished my Novel, to my own Satisfaction at least, while I was in the North. You put it to a Stand for many Months, by objecting to the Methods I had before devised to obviate the seeming inextricable Difficulties I had involved myself in very early in the Work. You did this, I suppose, to prevent my *leaving you behind*.

But I have luckily brought myself out of that Scrape in another Manner, and without any Alteration of the original Plan, which both you and another Friend thought was the only Shift I could make, without Machinery, to have extricated myself out of the Difficulties. I confess my Obstinacy in declining that Method, as it would have saved me a good deal of Two very valuable Commodities, *Time and Thought*, which might have been more profitably employed.

I send you a *Freeman's Journal* that is just come in here, which, I think, is more insolent and daring than the famous Number *Forty-five*. There is a good Spirit in the People, I confess, but for want of Temper and Conduct it is more likely to do Harm than Good.

The popular Licentiousness of these Kingdoms, at present, with Regard to Liberty, may be compared to Instinct, which Philosophers say both  
falls

falls short of, and exceeds human Reason :  
It falls ~~short of Liberty~~ by breaking through  
those very Laws that were framed for its Support ;  
and exceeds it, by creating a Mob Tyranny upon  
the Ruins of legal Sway.

“ As Surfeit is the Father of much Fast ;  
“ So every Scope, by the immoderate Use,  
“ Turns to Restraint. Our Natures but pursue  
“ Like Rats, that ravin down their proper Bane,  
“ A thirsty Ill ; and when we drink, we die.”

I had One of my extraordinary, unaccountable,  
and *unconsequential* Dreams last Night, about  
Horace—the Book I mean—and Creech’s Trans-  
lation of it, verified Word for Word this Day.  
Are such super, or prater-natural Reveries pecu-  
liar to my Mind ? Am I a Second-sighted  
Dreamer ? Watch your Slumbers, Fanny, and  
tell me, if ever such Concurrences should happen  
to you.

I shall remain here till To-morrow—All the  
Horses had been hired out before I sent To-day.

*Adieu !*

HENRY.

LETTER



## LETTER DCLXVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I HAVE not been a Truant, my dear Harry, though I have not wrote a Line to you for these several Posts: In the First Place, I have been extremely busy about Eugenie, and only relieved One Labour by another, in going on with my Novel, at the same Time; next, I concluded that all my Letters would wait in Dublin till your Return from the Northern Expedition; and then One might be as good as Half a Dozen.

And so, Sir, you are flying about the Kingdom, in Irish Stage Coaches, and are become *Bear-leader* to the Voters of C——. Now, pray do not be angry at this Expression, for it has made me laugh; and you ought to be pleased with any Thing that diverts me at present: For I have really been a Slave these Ten Days past; and the constant Sitting at my Desk has given me so great a Pain across my Chest, that I can hardly breathe—my Fingers too are numbed; and if I do not stop my Hand, I am much afraid that my Breath will soon be stopped.

Indeed,

Indeed, the latter Work I have undertaken is by many Degrees the most difficult One I ever engaged in. If I could please even myself, after all my Labour, it might make me some Amends at least; but for want of some One to confirm me in my Scheme or Sentiments about it, I change them every Day.

I have received the Pleasure of all your Journals to and from Downe Patrick; and am more delighted with you when you travel, than when you sit still — Exercise seems to raise your Spirits; and the slightest *jeu de mot* that arises from the Chearfulness of your Health, charms me more than all the sedentary Wit in the World.

Is there not a certain Foundation established in our Universities, for a *Travelling Fellow*, who is maintained abroad, to observe upon the Manners, Laws, and Literature of foreign Nations? I think, that no One can be better intitled to the Emoluments of a *Fellow-traveller* than you are. Let them send you abroad, and keep Shebbeare and Smollet at home.

I would fain put in my Pretensions for a Share in the Department I have pointed out for you, by reminding you of the kind Observation you have whilom made, on that remarkable Chearfulness and Acquiescence I have ever shewn upon  
all

all the Difficulties and Inconveniencies of a Journey: But, indeed, I must confess that you carry your Spirit further: You can “elaborate “an artificial Happiness from Pain,” and make your very Distresses afford Amusement both to yourself and others. If Shakespear had known you, he would never have said,

“To move wild Laughter in the Throat of Death,

“It cannot be, it is impossible:

“Mirth cannot move a Soul in Agony.”

You have One of the most uncommon Talents I ever met with. Could any Person but yourself, who have a Soul of such Humanity and Tendernefs, tell the Stories of a wretched Man and Woman who had destroyed themselves, and yet relate them in such a Manner as must equally move the Hearer's Mirth and Compassion?

I am glad you have at last had an Opportunity of indulging yourself and Friends at Downe Patrick with your long delayed Visit; and thank you, my dear Harry, for the pretty little Jaunt you took with me, from the Mountains of Moran hither: I trust we shall travel on so to our last Stage, with Heart and Hand together.

I admire

I admire your family Groupe extremely ; it is well painted ; and reminded me of the famous Picture of the *Cornaro* Family, which, I think, comprehends, according to your own Expression, a *Quintessence* of Generations : I hope that this may be ominous, with regard to your own *Branch* of this same *Tree of Life*.

I am so earnest to return to my Task, that I have only afforded myself Leisure just to skim over your dear Letters ; but not like Virgil's Camilla, I hope, *without leaving any Impression behind*.

God bless, and send you soon and safe to your truly grateful and ever affectionate Wife,

FRANCES.

P. S. Your Children present their Duty.

LETTER



## LETTER DCLXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**Y**OUR Brother and Sister are in Town. The Major in great Pain, and almost a Cripple with the Rheumatism; yet he looks extremely well, and preserves both his Humour and good Humour. There is a noble indomitable Spirit in your Family: All Men, but yourselves, yield to Pain, Sickneſs, or Misfortune; ye appear to be invulnerable.

And yet, this Stoiciſm in you has not, as might naturally be expected, rendered you callous to the Sufferings of others. Perhaps, like a Spendthrift, you ſquander ſo much of your Feelings upon the Reſt of the World, that you have none left for yourſelf. You are a Sort of philoſophical *Hermaphrodite*: A Man's Mind, with a Woman's Heart, as you deſcribe yourſelf, but in better Words, ſomewhere in the *Trium virate* \*.

My Siſter is well, and I think I never ſaw any Perſon ſo little altered after ſuch a Number of Years, as ſince I laſt ſaw her: She is certainly an Exception to the general Rule, that Time leaves

\* Chap. LII. Laſt Paragraph.



none unvisited ; for with regard to her, as was said of L'Enclos, he has passed like an Arrow in the Air, without leaving any Trace behind : Or, why should I not compare him, in this Instance, to my own Simile of Virgil's Camilla ? She is, really, at this Moment, a very fine Woman, and as far as I can judge at present, an agreeable One.

I have received several entertaining and picturesque Accounts of Lady M——'s *barefaced* Masquerade in Dublin. I am *a'most* sorry you were not over Time enough to have been at it : For you are my Painter : Your Description of it would beat all the *Nova fert animus* that your Son is repeating about the House every Day. But, by the Time you will receive this, you will be qualified to appear at such another, like One of Falstaff's Men in Kendal Green, while all the Rest of the World will be cloathed in Grey. Your Son may also pass for his Page, as he has but just got a new Suit of the same Livery.

I saw in this Day's Paper, a Præmium offered by the College of Dublin for the best Ode which shall be written on the Installation of the Duke of Bedford, as Chancellor of that University, next July. I heartily wish that Madam Clio would deign to favour me with a Morning Visit upon  
this

this Oecasion, not for the Sake of Fame or Præmium, but in order to express my Gratitude.

I have Matter enough, speaking both for Ireland and ourselves, to supply the Subject. But where's the Poetry? Indeed your poor Fanny is grown a Dunce: She has worn out what little Genius she ever had, and can hardly write even Prose at present. O, for a Prize in the Lottery! that I might afford myself to be a *comfortable Fool* for the Rest of my Life.

*Adieu, my sage Philosopher, and believe me—  
you know it already—to be your own poor  
fond Idiot,*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DCLXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Dublin.*

**I** AM glad to hear that my Brother and Sister are in London, that you may have the mutual Pleasure of renewing your old Acquaintance together. She is exactly what you say of her; at least she was so, I thought, when I saw her about a Year ago. My affectionate Compliments to them.

I am

I am exactly in the State of Mourning you mention. It was a *Contre Temps* in the Princess to make her Exit at this Time, when all my Sables were in London : But as she died a Virgin, I think, it will be but courtly Galantry in me to wear the *weeping Willow* for her Sake. Cypress and Yew are the true Garlands of Grief.

I have a Fancy about Mourning, which I should be glad would obtain : I would have a certain Portion of every Year set apart for this Etiquette—the Time of Lent, I think, would be the fittest Season for *Sack-cloth* (which, is a corruption of *Sad-cloth*) and Ashes : In this anniversary Compliment, all the Friends, Relations, and royal Personages in Europe, who died within that Year, should be comprehended.

This would be a great Saving to Individuals, and a considerable Advantage and Convenience to the Mercery and Drapery Manufacturers, who could provide their Goods accordingly ; and not be subject to the Hazard and Injury of having a general Mourning fall upon the Trade, perhaps, just on the Opening of a gay Season, after the Expence of having provided all the Trappings of a Court Ball Exhibition. The Celebration of *Birth-days* has sometimes been postponed for convenient Reasons ; and why should there be  
any

any more Superstition paid to *Death-days*, I pray you?

I sent you some Parcels lately by Captain C——, and hope you have received them, and approved my Choice and Fancy. Among them, was a curious silver Token, to be added to your Pocket-pieces; the Linen, &c. have been shipped off by Dunne, and go by long Sea. I have exceeded your Commission in those Articles: This is the only Way I would ever infringe your Commands.

I send you inclosed a very valuable Tract\*, which please to lay by for me among my Papers: It has the Substance of Folio's upon the Nature of our Constitution and our Parties. There is admirable good Sense, great Knowledge, and fine Language in it.

He deserved his Rank—this is to be a *Nobleman*. The styling a Person Lord *Rockville*, Earl *Summerhouse*, or the Duke of *Name-him-not*, is only distinguishing them as Peers. I confess my Pride—no *Welshman* is without it. And I cannot give a stronger Instance of it than this; that I would rather have had this Man for the

\* Written by Lord Molesworth.

First of my Family, than be myself the last of the Norfolk Line.

“ ——— Honours best thrive,  
“ When rather from our Acts we them derive,  
“ Than our Foregoers.”

After this Character of the Paper, I may suppose you to be so impatient to look into it, that any further Paragraph in my Letter would be overlooked ; therefore I shall leave you to your more serious Meditation, as soon as I have said,

*Adieu, my Pupil, and Preceptor !*

*Yours,*

HENRY.

LETTER



## LETTER DCLXX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

**I** RECEIVED my dear Harry's Letter, with Lord Moleſworth's Preface : It is written with a maſterly Hand, and a manly Spirit. I much approve of the Ped gree you have choſen, provided it be meant, as I am ſure it muſt be, rather in Compliment to One, than Derogation of the other, which has ornamented Hiſtory with many great and noble Perſonages. But, as you ſay, to be the Firſt of a *Family* is the trueſt Ambition.

The Hero of Macedon ſaid, That if he was not *Alexander*, he would be *Diogenes* : How much higher a Compliment do you pay to this Nobleman, who would exchange a *Welch Deſcent* for any Genealogy that took its Riſe ſince the Days of Noah ? The Emperor of *Siam* ſeems to treat this Kind of ſtale Farce, where Men are ennobled more for their Fortune than their Merit, ludicrously enough, by conferring Titles of Honour on his Elephants on account of their *Greatneſs*.

I received your kind Presents Yesterday. Fort à propos.—It was my Jubilee Day, our own Twelfth of May \* ; long may it be remembered by us both, with true Love to each other, and Gratitude to the Author of all Good. Amen !

I have devoted this Day to your Brother and Sister : We are to go to see the *Exhibition*, and thence to St. Paul's. You know, I am not fond of Sights : But then, the Pleasure of obliging others could render even a Puppet-shew, or a City Procession, agreeable to me.

I purpose going to Windsor the next Week, merely by Way of Retirement ; for I find it impossible to do any Good in London ; though I am truly anxious about finishing the Work I have in Hand. Would to God you were here to regulate and restrain your poor, idle, *industrious*, dissipated, *thinking*, silly, *rational* Wife.

There never was a juster Character drawn.—I am absolutely made up of as many Contrarieties as Dryden's *Zimri* : Perhaps it may be this charming Variety in me that renders me so agreeable. Do not you admire my Vanity ? I am sure you ought t<sup>o</sup> pardon it at least ; for it is

\* Their First Meeting was on that Day, and it was also the Day of their Marriage.

you,

you, and you only, who have inspired me with it. At this very Moment I feel such an Exultation in my Mind, from the Certainty of your constant Affection for me, as raises me above the Triumph of Half the young and beautiful Women in the World.

*Thank you, thank you, my good Master Harry!*

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DCLXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

WE are to leave Town To-morrow. I am not well. But *voila un Paradoxe!*— This is so *general* a Reason, that I cannot pretend to plead it on *particular* Occasions; so I shall keep my Mind to myself, and travel away, *de bon cœur*.

I had not Time to visit many of my old Acquaintance here when I was last in Town, but I have been to see them all since my Return: Most of

those that are alive, seem to remain in *statu quo*; some of them in *statue quo*, in which State they will probably now continue till they are *Worm-eaten*.

In my Tour, I called to see the Family of ———, whom I had not paid a Visit to before in all my several Trips over. You may remember that they made an Overture toward becoming acquainted with you just before you left Ireland, but you declined it; and I did not think you wrong in your Shyness: They are unprofitable Companions truly, who neither contribute to One's Honour, Interest, or Pleasure.

However, they have not given up their kind Intentions, if ever you should return to the Kingdom again. They know nothing of you, only by Hearsay; and flatter themselves that they would relish your Company extremely; which I flatter you they would find themselves much disappointed in. They are very good Sort of People, I confess; but my Fanny happens to be no Housewife.

I have no Books here; but as I have a Passion for *conversing with the Dead*, I took a solitary Walk this Evening in St. Mary's Church-yard: I did not meet with any Inscriptions worth recording;

ording; the Tomb-stones were as silent as the Grave; so I mused on Dust and Ashes for an Hour; repeated to myself some of the fine Passages in *the Burial of the Dead*, and then returned pensive home again.

I remember One of the Questions proposed in the First Institution of *the Society for free and candid Inquiry*, which has since lost its Characteristic Title in that of the *Robin Hood*, was,  
 “ Whether if a Committee, or Number of Per-  
 “ sons of acknowledged Abilities were appointed  
 “ either to draw up, to amend, or alter the Epi-  
 “ taphs, which, according to the present Method,  
 “ disgrace our Church-yards, it might not reflect  
 “ Honour on the Nation; and excite an higher  
 “ Opinion of our Wisdom in the Minds of  
 “ Foreigners?”

I really think it would be a very right Measure, as considering it in this additional Light also, that a Moral from a Tomb-stone would have double the Effect it might produce from the Pulpit. Shall I apply to Government for the Office of literary Inspector of Church-yards?

Another of the Questions, was, “ Whether  
 “ the Stage, under proper Regulations, might not  
 “ be rendered an Aid to Wisdom, an Enforcer



“ of Virtue, and an useful Supplement to the  
 “ Pulpit?” To this, I say, Ay again; and for  
 the same Reason given above, that a Moral from  
 the Stage, &c.

*Adieu, my dear Confessor, to whom I supply  
 a constant and faithful Narrative; not only  
 of my every Word and Action, but even of  
 my very Thoughts.*

*Your own*

HENRY.

## LETTER DCLXXII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*Windsor-castle.*

**I** AM ill, my Harry, and do not deserve to be  
 pitied, for I have raked myself to death. I  
 have not gone to Bed by Candle-light this Week  
 past: This was taking leave of Friends, and of  
 Life too, you will say. I am not to be trusted  
 with myself; my Spirits run away with me, and  
 will consign my Flesh to the Worms, before they  
 have a natural Right to it. Now pray, my Dear,  
 do

do not moralize upon this Subject; for it is impossible for you to say Any-thing Half so severe to me as I have already said to myself; and conscious Guilt is the harshest Reprobation.

I arrived here Yesterday, and am delighted with my Situation; but cannot much enjoy it at present, as I find myself extremely ill with a sore Throat, attended by a Fever, which greatly affects my poor old shattered Nerves. I think, I am little enough to be carried about in *Leading-strings*, and I wish you would fasten me to your Girdle. I am much fitter—in Truth I am—to be guided myself by *Leading-strings*, than to have the *Leading-rein* given into my own Hands.

I think I ought to continue in Bed; but such is the Perverseness of my Constitution, that though I injure it by lying there too long when I am well, I am incapable of receiving any Benefit from it when I am ill. I can neither sleep nor rest there, except in perfect Health.

This naturally leads me to recollect an Expression in One of your late Letters, which, considered in the moral Sense, is much the same with what I have just said in the physical One: “ I  
“ rejoice not continually in another’s good For-  
“ tune; but feel constantly, and without Abate-  
“ ment,

“ment, for any one’s Distress.” I have expressed this very same Sentiment in Part of my Novel, since you left me, with this Reflection added, “Strange Perverseness in our Natures, to accept the Evil and reject the Good!” As I do in the Instance just mentioned.

I cannot hold up my Head; I shall go lay it down for an Hour, in Hope of Relief; and you shall hear from me I hope too by the next Post.

*Adieu!*

FRANCES.

## LETTER DCLXXIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Kilfane.*

**Y**OU vile Rake you—but I will not moralize: First, because you forbid me; and next, because I am as great a *Sirrah* as yourself, except with this Difference; that I never debauch, but in your Company. It is a Breach of Covenant in you to play the Rantipole without me.

The

The paradoxical Character you have drawn of yourself is, I acknowledge, extremely just; and for this special Reason too, that it is the unfortunate Description of every Person in the World, who has *Merit, with Spirit*.

I have passed a very sober, moral Life of it, ever since I arrived here, and consequently have neither enjoyed myself *nor any Body else*, upon Honour, since we parted; nor shall I, here's my Hand to you, till we meet again.

I would say more, but that my Apprehensions about your present Indisposition take up all my Thoughts; and even Philosophy must stand suspended till the next Pacquet relieves my fond Anxiety about my only Idea, or Hope of Happiness. May God preserve your Life, or take my own, I would add to the Prayer, if it was not for the Duty I owe our dear Children. My Blessing to them, and my Love to *the only Woman in the World*.

*Adieu!*

HENRY.

LETTER

## L E T T E R DCLXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Kilfane.*

WHEN History records the cloud-capt Domes  
 Of antient Date, now mouldered to Decay ;  
 I dread the envious Stride of Time, that comes  
 Like a foul Thief, to steal thy Life away !

Whene'er I turn the Poet's flatt'ring Page,  
 And read of Beauties long entomb'd in Dust ;  
 I fear the Canker-worm of wasting Age  
 May nip thy Thread, as ah ! too soon it must !

Still, as I view the Blossoms of the Spring  
 Matur'd by genial Suns to Summer's Pride ;  
 The falling Leaves of Autumn Warnings bring,  
 That Death and Winter are too near allied !

O ! should kind Nature this fond Option give,  
 That to thy Years my own might added be,  
 In thy Survival I would gladly live ;  
 Nor feel a Pang, but that of leaving thee !

Anno Matrimonii xviii.

The above Lines were written originally in this Place : They were afterwards thrown into the *Gordian Knot*, for a Reason that will be obvious there.

L E T T E R



## L E T T E R DCLXVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I HAVE not been a Truant, my dear Harry, though I have not wrote a Line to you for these several Posts: In the First Place, I have been extremely busy about Eugenie, and only relieved one Labour by another, in going on with my Novel, at the same Time; next, I concluded that all my Letters would wait in Dublin till your Return from the Northern Expedition; and then one might be as good as Half a Dozen.

And so, Sir, you are flying about the Kingdom, in Irish Stage Coaches, and are become *Bear-leader* to the Voters of C——. Now, pray do not be angry at this Expression, for it has made me laugh; and you ought to be pleased with any Thing that diverts me at present: For I have really been a Slave these Ten Days past; and the constant Sitting at my Desk has given me so great a Pain across my Chest, that I can hardly breathe—my Fingers too are numbed; and if I do not stop my Hand, I am much afraid that my Breath will soon be stopped.

Indeed,

Indeed, the latter Work I have undertaken is by many Degrees the most difficult one I ever engaged in. If I could please even myself, after all my Labour, it might make me some Amends at least; but for want of some one to confirm me in my Scheme or Sentiments about it, I change them every Day.

I have received the Pleasure of all your Journals to and from Downe Patrick; and am more delighted with you when you travel, than when you sit still — Exercise seems to raise your Spirits; and the slightest *jeu de mot* that arises from the Cheerfulness of your Health, charms me more than all the sedentary Wit in the World.

Is there not a certain Foundation established in our Universities, for a *Travelling Fellow*, who is maintained abroad, to observe upon the Manners, Laws, and Literature of foreign Nations? I think, that no one can be better intitled to the Emoluments of a *Fellow-traveller*, than you are. Let them send you abroad, and keep Sh——e and Sm——t at home.

I would fain put in my Pretensions for a Share in the Department I have pointed out for you, by reminding you of the kind Observation you have whilom made, on that remarkable Cheerfulness and Acquiescence I have ever shewn, upon  
all

## LETTER DCLXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

*Kilfane.*

**I**T was but honest in my dear Fanny to pay her Tears on reading the Stanza's, for I swear she incurred the Debt while I was writing them. I had not received a Letter from you that Pacquet; and the One before had given me an alarming Account of your Health: I felt a Thousand Fears for you. My Nerves have ever failed me in any Danger of yours. I am a Churl, and keep all my Philosophy for myself.

Mrs. B — and I were sitting alone at Supper, when the Post came in without a Letter from you. I wrote the Lines extempore, and wept. I scorned to conceal my Emotion; and she joined me in it. I felt from Simpathy the Effect the Elegy must have on you; and thought that a lively Letter from an agreeable Friend, arriving to you at the same Time, might divide your Attention, and relieve your Tendernefs: I mentioned this to Mrs. B——, and begged of her to write to you. She never hesitates to do what she ought; and to this was owing your receiving that *welcome Extraordinary*, as you term it, at a Time when you did not expect it.

We

We are, indeed, my amiable Woman, the most extraordinary Couple that ever lived; and our Loves will hand us down to Fame, though our Wit should fail. But what is more critically remarkable in so extraordinary an Instance, is, that I am convinced no other Man with you, nor any other Woman in the World with me, could have formed so rare an Union. I borrow not the Aid of Verse to elevate my Transports toward you; for all that Poetry can do for me, in this Case, is but to add Rhyme to the natural Prose of my Heart:

“ If this be false, and can on me be prov’d;

“ Then no Man ever wrote, or ever lov’d.”

Apply, my Life, to no Manner of Business until your Strength is recovered; and I absolutely interdict your writing a Line, even to me, till after you have taken the Air in the Forest Two or Three Times at least.

*Adieu, my Life! my Love! my Muse! my  
first Self!—Adieu!*

HENRY.

The END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

